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ESSAY ON AMERICAN SCENERY. — BY THOMAS COLE.

THE Essay, which is here offered, is a mere sketch of an almost illimitable subject — American Scenery ; and in selecting the theme the writer placed more confidence in its overflowing richness, than in his own capacity for treating it in a manner worthy of its vastness and importance.

It is a subject that to every American ought to be of surpassing interest ; for, whether he beholds the Hudson mingling waters with the Atlantic — explores the central wilds of this vast continent, or stands on the margin of the distant Oregon, he is still in the midst of American scenery — it is his own land ; its beauty, its magnificence, its sublimity — all are his ; and how undeserving of such a birthright, if he can turn towards it an unobserving eye, an unaffected heart !

Before entering into the proposed subject, in which I shall treat more particularly of the scenery of the Northern and Eastern States, I shall be excused for saying a few words on the advantages of cultivating a taste for scenery, and for exclaiming against the apathy with which the beauties of external nature are regarded by the great mass, even of our refined community.

It is generally admitted that the liberal arts tend to soften our manners ; but they do more — they carry with them the power to mend our hearts.

Poetry and Painting sublime and purify thought, by grasping the past, the present, and the future — they give the mind a foretaste of its immortality, and thus prepare it for performing an exalted part amid the realities of life. And *rural nature* is full of the same quickening spirit — it is, in fact, the exhaustless mine from which the poet and the painter have brought such wondrous treasures — an unfailing fountain of intel-

* An abstract of the last proceedings of this Institution will be found in the "Monthly Commentary," at the end of the number.

lectual enjoyment, where all may drink, and be awakened to a deeper feeling of the works of genius, and a keener perception of the beauty of our existence. For those whose days are all consumed in the low pursuits of avarice, or the gaudy frivolities of fashion, unobservant of nature's loveliness, are unconscious of the harmony of creation —

“Heaven's roof to them
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps;
No more — that lights them to their purposes —
They wander 'loose about;' they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short lived, short sighted.”

What to them is the page of the poet where he describes or personifies the skies, the mountains, or the streams, if those objects themselves have never awakened observation or excited pleasure? What to them is the wild *Salvator Rosa*, or the aerial *Claude Lorrain*?

There is in the human mind an almost inseparable connexion between the beautiful and the good, so that if we contemplate the one the other seems present; and an excellent author has said, “it is difficult to look at any objects with pleasure — unless where it arises from brutal and tumultuous emotions — without feeling that disposition of mind which tends towards kindness and benevolence; and surely, whatever creates such a disposition, by increasing our pleasures and enjoyments, cannot be too much cultivated.”

It would seem unnecessary to those who can see and feel, for me to expatiate on the loveliness of verdant fields, the sublimity of lofty mountains, or the varied magnificence of the sky; but that the number of those who *seek* enjoyment in such sources is comparatively small. From the indifference with which the multitude regard the beauties of nature, it might be inferred that she had been unnecessarily lavish in adorning this world for beings who take no pleasure in its adornment. Who in grovelling pursuits forget their glorious heritage. Why was the earth made so beautiful, or the sun so clad in glory at his rising and setting, when *all* might be unrobed of beauty without affecting the insensate multitude, so they can be “lighted to their purposes?”

It has not been in vain — the good, the enlightened of all ages and nations, have found pleasure and consolation in the beauty of the rural earth. Prophets of old retired into the solitudes of nature to wait the inspiration of heaven. It was on Mount Horeb that *Elijah* witnessed the mighty wind, the earthquake, and the fire; and heard the “still small voice” — that voice is YET heard among the mountains! *St. John* preached in the desert; — the wilderness is YET a fitting place to speak of God. The solitary *Anchorites* of *Syria* and *Egypt*, though ignorant that the busy world is man's noblest sphere of usefulness,

well knew how congenial to religious musings are the pathless solitudes.

He who looks on nature with a "loving eye," cannot move from his dwelling without the salutation of beauty; even in the city the deep blue sky and the drifting clouds appeal to him. And if to escape its turmoil — if only to obtain a free horizon, land and water in the play of light and shadow yields delight — let him be transported to those favored regions, where the features of the earth are more varied, or yet add the sunset, that wreath of glory daily bound around the world, and he, indeed, drinks from pleasure's purest cup. The delight such a man experiences is not merely sensual, or selfish, that passes with the occasion leaving no trace behind; but in gazing on the pure creations of the Almighty, he feels a calm religious tone steal through his mind, and when he has turned to mingle with his fellow men, the chords which have been struck in that sweet communion cease not to vibrate.

In what has been said I have alluded to wild and uncultivated scenery; but the cultivated must not be forgotten, for it is still more important to man in his social capacity — necessarily bringing him in contact with the cultured; it encompasses our homes, and, though devoid of the stern sublimity of the wild, its quieter spirit steals tenderly into our bosoms mingled with a thousand domestic affections and heart-touching associations — human hands have wrought, and human deeds hallowed all around.

And it is here that taste, which is the perception of the beautiful, and the knowledge of the principles on which nature works, can be applied, and our dwelling-places made fitting for refined and intellectual beings.

If, then, it is indeed true that the contemplation of scenery can be so abundant a source of delight and improvement, a taste for it is certainly worthy of particular cultivation; for the capacity for enjoyment increases with the knowledge of the true means of obtaining it.

In this age, when a meagre utilitarianism seems ready to absorb every feeling and sentiment, and what is sometimes called improvement in its march makes us fear that the bright and tender flowers of the imagination shall all be crushed beneath its iron tramp, it would be well to cultivate the oasis that yet remains to us, and thus preserve the germs of a future and a purer system. And now, when the sway of fashion is extending widely over society — poisoning the healthful streams of true refinement, and turning men from the love of simplicity and beauty, to a senseless idolatry of their own follies — to lead them gently into the pleasant paths of Taste would be an object worthy of the highest efforts of genius and benevolence. The spirit of our society is to contrive but not to enjoy — toiling to produce more

toil — accumulating in order to aggrandize. The pleasures of the imagination, among which the love of scenery holds a conspicuous place, will alone temper the harshness of such a state ; and, like the atmosphere that softens the most rugged forms of the landscape, cast a veil of tender beauty over the asperities of life.

Did our limits permit I would endeavor more fully to show how necessary to the complete appreciation of the Fine Arts is the study of scenery, and how conducive to our happiness and well-being is that study and those arts ; but I must now proceed to the proposed subject of this essay — American Scenery !

There are those who through ignorance or prejudice strive to maintain that American scenery possesses little that is interesting or truly beautiful — that it is rude without picturesqueness, and monotonous without sublimity — that being destitute of those vestiges of antiquity, whose associations so strongly affect the mind, it may not be compared with European scenery. But from whom do these opinions come ? From those who have read of European scenery, of Grecian mountains, and Italian skies, and never troubled themselves to look at their own ; and from those travelled ones whose eyes were never opened to the beauties of nature until they beheld foreign lands, and when those lands faded from the sight were again closed and for ever ; disdaining to destroy their trans-atlantic impressions by the observation of the less fashionable and unfamed American scenery. Let such persons shut themselves up in their narrow shell of prejudice — I hope they are few, — and the community increasing in intelligence, will know better how to appreciate the treasures of their own country.

I am by no means desirous of lessening in your estimation the glorious scenes of the old world — that ground which has been the great theatre of human events — those mountains, woods, and streams, made sacred in our minds by heroic deeds and immortal song — over which time and genius have suspended an imperishable halo. No ! But I would have it remembered that nature has shed over *this* land beauty and magnificence, and although the character of its scenery may differ from the old world's, yet inferiority must not therefore be inferred ; for though American scenery is destitute of many of those circumstances that give value to the European, still it has features, and glorious ones, unknown to Europe.

A very few generations have passed away since this vast tract of the American continent, now the United States, rested in the shadow of primæval forests, whose gloom was peopled by savage beasts, and scarcely less savage men ; or lay in those wide grassy plains called prairies —

“The Gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful.”

And, although an enlightened and increasing people have broken in upon the solitude, and with activity and power wrought changes that seem magical, yet the most distinctive, and perhaps the most impressive, characteristic of American scenery is its wildness.

It is the most distinctive, because in civilized Europe the primitive features of scenery have long since been destroyed or modified — the extensive forests that once overshadowed a great part of it have been felled — rugged mountains have been smoothed, and impetuous rivers turned from their courses to accommodate the tastes and necessities of a dense population — the once tangled wood is now a grassy lawn ; the turbulent brook a navigable stream — crags that could not be removed have been crowned with towers, and the rudest valleys tamed by the plough.

And to this cultivated state our western world is fast approaching ; but nature is still predominant, and there are those who regret that with the improvements of cultivation the sublimity of the wilderness should pass away : for those scenes of solitude from which the hand of nature has never been lifted, affect the mind with a more deep toned emotion than aught which the hand of man has touched. Amid them the consequent associations are of God the creator — they are his undefiled works, and the mind is cast into the contemplation of eternal things.

As mountains are the most conspicuous objects in landscape, they will take the precedence in what I may say on the elements of American scenery.

It is true that in the eastern part of this continent there are no mountains that vie in altitude with the snow-crowned Alps — that the Alleghanies and the Catskills are in no point higher than five thousand feet ; but this is no inconsiderable height ; Snowdon in Wales, and Ben-Nevis in Scotland, are not more lofty ; and in New Hampshire, which has been called the Switzerland of the United States, the White Mountains almost pierce the region of perpetual snow. The Alleghanies are in general heavy in form ; but the Catskills, although not broken into abrupt angles like the most picturesque mountains of Italy, have varied, undulating, and exceedingly beautiful outlines — they heave from the valley of the Hudson like the subsiding billows of the ocean after a storm.

American mountains are generally clothed to the summit by dense forests, while those of Europe are mostly bare, or merely tinted by grass or heath. It may be that the mountains of Europe are on this account more picturesque in form, and there is a grandeur in their nakedness ; but in the gorgeous garb of the American mountains there is more than an equivalent ; and when the woods "have put their

glory on," as an American poet has beautifully said, the purple heath and yellow furze of Europe's mountains are in comparison but as the faint secondary rainbow to the primal one.

But in the mountains of New Hampshire there is a union of the picturesque, the sublime, and the magnificent; there the bare peaks of granite, broken and desolate, cradle the clouds; while the vallies and broad bases of the mountains rest under the shadow of noble and varied forests; and the traveller who passes the Sandwich range on his way to the White Mountains, of which it is a spur, cannot but acknowledge, that although in some regions of the globe nature has wrought on a more stupendous scale, yet she has no where so completely married together grandeur and loveliness — there he sees the sublime melting into the beautiful, the savage tempered by the magnificent.

I will now speak of another component of scenery, without which every landscape is defective — it is water. Like the eye in the human countenance, it is a most expressive feature: in the unrippled lake, which mirrors all surrounding objects, we have the expression of tranquillity and peace — in the rapid stream, the headlong cataract, that of turbulence and impetuosity.

In this great element of scenery, what land is so rich? I would not speak of the great Lakes, which are in fact inland seas — possessing some of the attributes of the ocean, though destitute of its sublimity; but of those smaller lakes, such as Lake George, Champlain, Winnipisogee, Otsego, Seneca, and a hundred others, that stud like gems the bosom of this country. There is one delightful quality in nearly all these lakes — the purity and transparency of the water. In speaking of scenery it might seem unnecessary to mention this; but independent of the pleasure that we all have in beholding pure water, it is a circumstance which contributes greatly to the beauty of landscape; for the reflections of surrounding objects, trees, mountains, sky, are most perfect in the clearest water; and the most perfect is the most beautiful.

I would rather persuade you to visit the "Holy Lake," the beautiful "Horican," than attempt to describe its scenery — to behold you rambling on its storied shores, where its southern expanse is spread, begemmed with isles of emerald, and curtained by green receding hills — or to see you gliding over its bosom, where the steep and rugged mountains approach from either side, shadowing with black precipices the innumerable islets — some of which bearing a solitary tree, others a group of two or three, or a "goodly company," seem to have been sprinkled over the smiling deep in Nature's frolic hour. These scenes are classic — History and Genius have hallowed them. War's shrill clarion once waked the echos from these now silent hills — the pen of a living master has pourtrayed them in the pages of ro-

mance — and they are worthy of the admiration of the enlightened and the graphic hand of Genius.

Though differing from Lake George, Winnipisiogee resembles it in multitudinous and uncounted islands. Its mountains do not stoop to the water's edge, but through varied screens of forest may be seen ascending the sky softened by the blue haze of distance — on the one hand rise the Gunstock Mountains; on the other the dark Ossipees, while above and far beyond, rear the "cloud cap" peaks of the Sandwich and White Mountains.

I will not fatigue with a vain attempt to describe the lakes that I have named; but would turn your attention to those exquisitely beautiful lakes that are so numerous in the Northern States, and particularly in New Hampshire. In character they are truly and peculiarly American. I know nothing in Europe which they resemble; the famous lakes of Albano and Nemi, and the small and exceedingly picturesque lakes of Great Britain may be compared in size, but are dissimilar in almost every other respect. Embosomed in the primitive forest, and sometimes overshadowed by huge mountains, they are the chosen places of tranquillity; and when the deer issues from the surrounding woods to drink the cool waters, he beholds his own image as in a polished mirror, — the flight of the eagle can be seen in the lower sky; and if a leaf falls, the circling undulations chase each other to the shores unvexed by contending tides.

There are two lakes of this description, situated in a wild mountain gorge called the Franconia Notch, in New Hampshire. They lie within a few hundred feet of each other, but are remarkable as having no communication — one being the source of the wild Amonosuck, the other of the Pemigewasset. Shut in by stupendous mountains which rest on crags that tower more than a thousand feet above the water, whose rugged brows and shadowy breaks are clothed by dark and tangled woods, they have such an aspect of deep seclusion, of utter and unbroken solitude, that, when standing on their brink a lonely traveller, I was overwhelmed with an emotion of the sublime, such as I have rarely felt. It was not that the jagged precipices were lofty, that the encircling woods were of the dimmest shade, or that the waters were profoundly deep; but that over all, rocks, wood, and water, brooded the spirit of repose, and the silent energy of nature stirred the soul to its inmost depths.

I would not be understood that these lakes are always tranquil; but that tranquillity is their great characteristic. There are times when they take a far different expression; but in scenes like these the richest chords are those struck by the gentler hand of nature.

And now I must turn to another of the beautifiers of the earth — the Waterfall; which in the same object at once presents to the mind

the beautiful, but apparently incongruous idea, of fixedness and motion — a single existence in which we perceive unceasing change and everlasting duration. The waterfall may be called the voice of the landscape, for, unlike the rocks and woods which utter sounds as the passive instruments played on by the elements, the waterfall strikes its own chords, and rocks and mountains re-echo in rich unison. And this is a land abounding in cataracts ; in these Northern States where shall we turn and not find them ? Have we not Kaaterskill, Trenton, the Flume, the Genesee, stupendous Niagara, and a hundred others named and nameless ones, whose exceeding beauty must be acknowledged when the hand of taste shall point them out ?

In the Kaaterskill we have a stream, diminutive indeed, but throwing itself headlong over a fearful precipice into a deep gorge of the densely wooded mountains — and possessing a singular feature in the vast arched cave that extends beneath and behind the cataract. At Trenton there is a chain of waterfalls of remarkable beauty, where the foaming waters, shadowed by steep cliffs, break over rocks of architectural formation, and tangled and picturesque trees mantle abrupt precipices, which it would be easy to imagine crumbling and “ time disparting towers.”

And Niagara ! that wonder of the world ! — where the sublime and beautiful are bound together in an indissoluble chain. In gazing on it we feel as though a great void had been filled in our minds — our conceptions expand — we become a part of what we behold ! At our feet the floods of a thousand rivers are poured out — the contents of vast inland seas. In its volume we conceive immensity ; in its course, everlasting duration ; in its impetuosity, uncontrollable power. These are the elements of its sublimity. Its beauty is garlanded around in the varied hues of the water, in the spray that ascends the sky, and in that unrivalled bow which forms a complete cincture round the unresting floods.

The river scenery of the United States is a rich and boundless theme. The Hudson for natural magnificence is unsurpassed. What can be more beautiful than the lake-like expanses of Tapaan and Haverstraw, as seen from the rich orchards of the surrounding hills ? hills that have a legend, which has been so sweetly and admirably told that it shall not perish but with the language of the land. What can be more imposing than the precipitous Highlands ; whose dark foundations have been rent to make a passage for the deep-flowing river ? And, ascending still, where can be found scenes more enchanting ? The lofty Catskills stand afar off — the green hills gently rising from the flood, recede like steps by which we may ascend to a great temple, whose pillars are those everlasting hills, and whose dome is the blue boundless vault of heaven.

The Rhine has its castled crags, its vine-clad hills, and ancient villages ; the Hudson has its wooded mountains, its rugged precipices, its green undulating shores — a natural majesty, and an unbounded capacity for improvement by art. Its shores are not besprinkled with venerated ruins, or the palaces of princes ; but there are flourishing towns, and neat villas, and the hand of taste has already been at work. Without any great stretch of the imagination we may anticipate the time when the ample waters shall reflect temple, and tower, and dome, in every variety of picturesqueness and magnificence.

In the Connecticut we behold a river that differs widely from the Hudson. Its sources are amid the wild mountains of New Hampshire ; but it soon breaks into a luxuriant valley, and flows for more than a hundred miles, sometimes beneath the shadow of wooded hills, and sometimes glancing through the green expanse of elm-besprinkled meadows. Whether we see it at Haverhill, Northampton, or Hartford, it still possesses that gentle aspect ; and the imagination can scarcely conceive Arcadian vales more lovely or more peaceful than the valley of the Connecticut — its villages are rural places where trees overspread every dwelling, and the fields upon its margin have the richest verdure.

Nor ought the Ohio, the Susquehannah, the Potomac, with their tributaries, and a thousand others, be omitted in the rich list of American rivers — they are a glorious brotherhood ; but volumes would be insufficient for their description.

In the Forest scenery of the United States we have that which occupies the greatest space, and is not the least remarkable ; being primitive, it differs widely from the European. In the American forest we find trees in every stage of vegetable life and decay — the slender sapling rises in the shadow of the lofty tree, and the giant in his prime stands by the hoary patriarch of the wood — on the ground lie prostrate decaying ranks that once waved their verdant heads in the sun and wind. These are circumstances productive of great variety and picturesqueness — green umbrageous masses — lofty and scathed trunks — contorted branches thrust athwart the sky — the mouldering dead below, shrouded in moss of every hue and texture, form richer combinations than can be found in the trimmed and planted grove. It is true that the thinned and cultivated wood offers less obstruction to the feet, and the trees throw out their branches more horizontally, and are consequently more umbrageous when taken singly ; but the true lover of the picturesque is seldom fatigued — and trees that grow widely apart are often heavy in form, and resemble each other too much for picturesqueness. Trees are like men, differing widely in character ; in sheltered spots, or under the influence of culture, they show few contrasting points ; peculiarities are pruned and trained away, until

there is a general resemblance. But in exposed situations, wild and uncultivated, battling with the elements and with one another for the possession of a morsel of soil, or a favoring rock to which they may cling — they exhibit striking peculiarities, and sometimes grand originality.

For variety, the American forest is unrivalled: in some districts are found oaks, elms, birches, beeches, planes, pines, hemlocks, and many other kinds of trees, commingled — clothing the hills with every tint of green, and every variety of light and shade.

There is a peculiarity observable in some mountainous regions, where trees of a genus band together — there often may be seen a mountain whose foot is clothed with deciduous trees, while on its brow is a sable crown of pines; and sometimes belts of dark green encircle a mountain horizontally, or are stretched in well-defined lines from the summit to the base. The nature of the soil, or the courses of rivulets, are the causes of this variety; — and it is a beautiful instance of the exhaustlessness of nature; often where we should expect unvarying monotony, we behold a charming diversity. Time will not permit me to speak of the American forest trees individually; but I must notice the elm, that paragon of beauty and shade; the maple, with its rainbow hues; and the hemlock, the sublime of trees, which rises from the gloom of the forest like a dark and ivy-mantled tower.

There is one season when the American forest surpasses all the world in gorgeousness — that is the autumnal; — then every hill and dale is riant in the luxury of color — every hue is there, from the liveliest green to deepest purple — from the most golden yellow to the intensest crimson. The artist looks despairingly upon the glowing landscape, and in the old world his truest imitations of the American forest, at this season, are called falsely bright, and scenes in Fairy Land.

The sky will next demand our attention. The soul of all scenery, in it are the fountains of light, and shade, and color. Whatever expression the sky takes, the features of the landscape are affected in unison, whether it be the serenity of the summer's blue, or the dark tumult of the storm. It is the sky that makes the earth so lovely at sunrise, and so splendid at sunset. In the one it breathes over the earth the crystal-like ether, in the other the liquid gold. The climate of a great part of the United States is subject to great vicissitudes, and we complain; but nature offers a compensation. These very vicissitudes are the abundant sources of beauty — as we have the temperature of every clime, so have we the skies — we have the blue unsearchable depths of the northern sky — we have the upheaped thunder-clouds of the Torrid Zone, fraught with gorgeousness and sublimity — we have the silver haze of England, and the golden atmosphere of Italy.

And if he who has travelled and observed the skies of other climes will spend a few months on the banks of the Hudson, he must be constrained to acknowledge that for variety and magnificence American skies are unsurpassed. (Italian skies have been lauded by every tongue, and sung by every poet, and who will deny their wonderful beauty? At sunset the serene arch is filled with alchymy that transmutes mountains, and streams, and temples, into living gold.)

But the American summer never passes without many sunsets that might vie with the Italian, and many still more gorgeous — that seem peculiar to this clime.

Look at the heavens when the thunder shower has passed, and the sun stoops behind the western mountains — there the low purple clouds hang in festoons around the steeps — in the higher heaven are crimson bands interwoven with feathers of gold, fit for the wings of angels — and still above is spread that interminable field of ether, whose color is too beautiful to have a name.

It is not in the summer only that American skies are beautiful; for the winter evening often comes robed in purple and gold, and in the westering sun the iced groves glitter as beneath a shower of diamonds — and through the twilight heaven innumerable stars shine with a purer light than summer ever knows.

I will now venture a few remarks on what has been considered a grand defect in American scenery — the want of associations, such as arise amid the scenes of the old world.

We have many a spot as umbrageous as Vallombrosa, and as picturesque as the solitudes of Vacluse; but Milton and Petrarch have not hallowed them by their footsteps and immortal verse. He who stands on Mont Albano and looks down on ancient Rome, has his mind peopled with the gigantic associations of the storied past; but he who stands on the mounds of the West, the most venerable remains of American antiquity, may experience the emotion of the sublime, but it is the sublimity of a shoreless ocean un-islanded by the recorded deeds of man.

Yet American scenes are not destitute of historical and legendary associations — the great struggle for freedom has sanctified many a spot, and many a mountain, stream, and rock, has its legend, worthy of poet's pen or the painter's pencil. But American associations are not so much of the past as of the present and the future. Seated on a pleasant knoll, look down into the bosom of that secluded valley, begirt with wooded hills — through those enamelled meadows and wide waving fields of grain, a silver stream winds lingeringly along — here, seeking the green shade of trees — there, glancing in the sunshine: on its banks are rural dwellings shaded by elms and garlanded by flowers — from yonder dark mass of foliage the village spire beams

like a star. You see no ruined tower to tell of outrage — no gorgeous temple to speak of ostentation; but freedom's offspring — peace, security, and happiness, dwell there, the spirits of the scene. On the margin of that gentle river the village girls may ramble unmolested — and the glad school-boy, with hook and line, pass his bright holiday — those neat dwellings, unpretending to magnificence, are the abodes of plenty, virtue, and refinement. And in looking over the yet uncultivated scene, the mind's eye may see far into futurity. Where the wolf roams, the plough shall glisten; on the gray crag shall rise temple and tower — mighty deeds shall be done in the now pathless wilderness; and poets yet unborn shall sanctify the soil.

It was my intention to attempt a description of several districts remarkable for their picturesqueness and truly American character; but I fear to trespass longer on your time and patience. Yet I cannot but express my sorrow that the beauty of such landscapes are quickly passing away — the ravages of the axe are daily increasing — the most noble scenes are made desolate, and oftentimes with a wantonness and barbarism scarcely credible in a civilized nation. The way-side is becoming shadeless, and another generation will behold spots, now rife with beauty, desecrated by what is called improvement; which, as yet, generally destroys Nature's beauty without substituting that of Art. This is a regret rather than a complaint; such is the road society has to travel; it may lead to refinement in the end, but the traveller who sees the place of rest close at hand, dislikes the road that has so many unnecessary windings.

I will now conclude, in the hope that, though feebly urged, the importance of cultivating a taste for scenery will not be forgotten. Nature has spread for us a rich and delightful banquet. Shall we turn from it? We are still in Eden; the wall that shuts us out of the garden is our own ignorance and folly. We should not allow the poet's words to be applicable to us —

"Deep in rich pasture do thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is denied
To share the sweet serene."

May we at times turn from the ordinary pursuits of life to the pure enjoyment of rural nature; which is in the soul like a fountain of cool waters to the way-worn traveller; and let us

"Learn
The laws by which the Eternal doth sublime
And sanctify his works, that we may see
The hidden glory veiled from vulgar eyes."

T. C.

ALEXANDER TAMING HIS HORSE.

The young prince astonished his father and the court, by his dexterity in managing the horse Bucephalus. — *Supplement to Quintus Curtius.*

"BRING forth the steed!" It was a level plain,
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison-caves the winds lie chained.
There Philip sate, pavilioned from the sun;
There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
Bannered, and plumed, and armed — a vast array!
There too, among a separate, undistinguished crowd,
Distinguished not himself, by pomp, or dress,
Or any royal sign, save that he wore
A god-like countenance, like Olympian Jove,
And perfect grace and dignity — a youth —
A simple youth, scarce sixteen summers old —
With swift, impatient step, walked to and fro.
Even from their monarch's throne, they turned to view
— Those countless congregations — that young form:
And when he cried again, "bring forth the steed!"
Like thunder rose the multitudinous shout,
From every voice but one — "LIVE ALEXANDER!"

Then Philip waved his sceptre. Silence fell
O'er all the plain. 'Twas but a moment's pause;
While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
Sunk down — like Ocean-billows, when the breeze
First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
Of armies, as in victory, "*Live the King!*"
And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled.
From famous Thessaly a horse he brought —
A matchless horse! Vigor and Beauty strove,
Like rival sculptors carving the same stone,
To win the mastery — and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftmess; when he ran,
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! what a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride —
Worth gold in talents — chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on Earth.

"Obey my son, Pharsalian — bring the steed!"
The monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,

And on the plain they led *Bucephalus*.
 "Mount, slave, mount! why pales thy cheek in fear?
 "Mount — ha! art slain? another — mount again!"
 'Twas all in vain. No hand could curb a neck
 Clothed with such might and grandeur, to the rein.
 No thong or spur could make his fury yield.
 Now bounds he from the earth — and now he rears —
 Now madly plunges — strives to rush away,
 Like that strong bird — his fellow, king of air!
 "Quick, take him hence," cried Philip; "he is wild."
 "Stay, father, stay. Lose not this gallant stud,
 "For that base grooms cannot control his ire: —
 "Give me the bridle!" Alexander threw
 His light cloak from his shoulder, and drew nigh.
 The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom
 Bore the same mien to him. He started back,
 But with firm grasp the youth retained — and turned
 His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun.
 Then, with that hand, in after times which hurled
 The bolts of war among embattled hosts;
 Conquered all Greece, and over Persia swayed
 Imperial command — which, on Fame's Temple
 Graved, ALEXANDER, VICTOR OF THE WORLD —
 With that same hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
 Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
 Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
 Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
 How like a Centaur looked the stud and youth!
 Firmly the hero sate; his glowing cheek
 Flushed with the rare excitement: his high brow
 Pale with a stern resolve: his lip as smiling
 And his glance as calm, as if, in tender dalliance,
 Instead of danger with a girl he played.
 Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
 Champing his bit, and tossing the white foam
 And struggling to be free, that he might dart,
 Swift as an arrow from a shivering bow —
 The rein is loosened. "Now — *Bucephalus*!"
 Away — away — he flies, away — away!

The multitudes stood hushed, in breathless awe,
 And gazed into the distance —

Lo! a speck —
 A darksome speck, on the horizon. 'Tis —
 'Tis he! Now it enlarges — now are clearly seen
 The horse and rider — now with ordered pace
 The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
 Down to the earth, and bends his rapid pace
 Unto the King's pavilion. The wild steed
 Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.
 Philip wept tears of joy — "My son, go seek
 A larger empire, for so vast a soul
 Too small is Macedonia!"

P. B.

THE NOVELS OF MISS SEDGWICK.*

"I SHOULD as soon think of galloping through paradise as down one of Miss Sedgwick's pages," was the reply of a reader of the *Linwoods*, on being accused of making slow progress in the book. And the expression does beautiful justice to that characteristic gracefulness, which, having relations we cannot define with the heart, compels us to linger over the creations of this author. We feel, while under her spell, like the child of the German tale, listening to the story of nature from the little tenant of the woods; we "would hear more and more, and for ever."

It is not Miss Sedgwick's great gift to contrive the incidents of a story. It is, however, true, that she does not give us the old hackneyed routine. But in avoiding this, her drama wants a regular beginning, middle, and end; it is often improbable, and sometimes inconsistent; and we never read one of her stories without smiling at a certain spirit of adventure, which always comes out somewhere in the conduct of her young girls; two or three of whom, in this story of the *Linwoods*, she sends across a river at midnight, in a thunder-storm, for no better reason than that one of them wants to be with her lover a little while longer; and, although the despatch of the flight, one would think, would be considered the all-important particular of an escape from prison! The reader of her works will recall, in this connexion, Hope Leslie's voyage over the harbor with an Indian boatman; and the midnight walk of Miss Clarence, alone, upon Trenton Falls; and some other adventuresome movements. But let the incidents be granted, and Miss Sedgwick puts such charming people into them, and makes them talk and act so characteristically, and with such *ideal* propriety, that, in our sympathy with their just and natural feelings, we forget they are in improbable situations.

Moreover, this defect, if it is one, is connected with what is to New-Englanders the chief charm of her books. This innocently free action grows out of her complete New-Englandism. She has embodied, as no other of our writers has, the spirit of her native soil; a spirit evolved so inevitably out of the elements of human nature, as it has been peculiarly nurtured and inwardly restrained in this section of our country, that we are sure it could not be seized and expressed

* The *Linwoods*: or, Sixty Years since in America. By the author of *Redwood*, *Hope Leslie*, &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Home: by the same author. Boston: J. Munroe and Company.

— we had almost said it cannot be believed in, by those who live where Custom has laid down her “frosty weight” of conventional etiquette; or where a general laxity of moral principle leaves the passions to flourish, till they seem to be all that is natural in human nature. We have often imagined with what delighted wonder such authors as those of Pelham, and Almacks, Vivian Grey, and Godolphin, — or even those of De Vere, Belinda, and Discipline, would read of Magawisca and Hope Leslie. With still more amazement may we suppose that an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Frenchman, would take up such a book as Redwood, and look into the family of the Lenoxes, and listen to Sister Susan’s tale of the Soul, from the lips of living experience. And who but a New-Englander could believe in Aunt Debby and her moral influence? or realize that Elliot Lee’s manly independence, and persevering enaction of principle, are but a specimen of the early life and general career of almost all our professional men — those who have given the tone to our society? What people but our own are so happy as to know that there is no reason in their political condition, or the prevailing sentiment, to prevent every mechanic in the United States from being such a dignified housekeeper, refined father, and high-toned citizen, as William Barclay; and having even such a paradise as his home? Yet *we* know, that so far as any interference of rules and customs would operate among us, “the course of true love may run smooth,” and the farmer’s son wed the wealthy and far-descended, and the latter feel honored thereby; that there are Hope Leslies to be found, not merely in our castles in the air, but on our terra firma; that Ellen Bruce is still more common; that almost every town might furnish a Jane Elton; and that where such dreams of beauty are embodied among us as Bessie Lee — and sometimes there are — should they become, like her, the victims of imagination, — just so unharmed might they pass through our land, and find, in Yankee blacksmiths, a refinement which, springing from a deeper source than “high breeding,” might put to shame, in the efficiency of its protection, the worn-out mock-chivalry of fashionable Europe. For we do have refined blacksmiths, and philosophic shoe workers, — he of the New England Tale was a portrait from life! — as well as whole-hearted, independent, faithful servitors, like Martha, and Kisel, and black Rose. In fact, it is — though, perhaps, the bright side — yet a real and broad side of Yankee character, which is set forth by Miss Sedgwick; and some remarks on this character are a necessary preliminary of adequately expressing our thoughts on the peculiar merits of her works.

Self-government is the strong foundation on which is erected the New-England character. Our Puritanic ancestry, who left their country before the party was corrupted there, were thrown, with all

their strong religious habits of thought and feeling, into the immediate communion with the God of nature, in his severer manifestations of rock-bound coast, dark forest, and wintry weather. They therefore escaped that reaction of their artificial austerity, which took place in the court of Cromwell ; and were sustained in their habits of self-denial by the obvious necessity of their situation. Their children also were thrown into the arms of the rough nurse Labor, who taught them their own powers by calling them into exercise, and thus added a deep self-respect and consciousness of power to that reverence for God which was the first principle of their fathers.

In a country where no convenience, no comfort, no human influence, could come from the past, but every thing was to be cut out of the mountain of circumstance by the spirit of the present, — not without hands — but by means of them, the exigencies of society were found to be more potent than the fabled magic of Prospero, to destroy the old Sycorax of our nature, make a bond-servant of its Caliban, and set free its “ delicate Ariel,” to sing, as in the play —

“ Where the bee sucks, there suck I,” &c.

Indeed, the intellectual refinement of no country in the world might be half so aptly represented by the “ tricky spirit,” as that of New-England. Nowhere else is genius so completely denied every thing sensual and coarse to feed on. If we must admit that the uncompromising Puritanism of our ancestors — unrelieved in New-England as it was in the old country — by even the traditions of a more outward and sense-alluring worship, — has entailed heavy evils on the uneducated class, in not having afforded proper scope to mirthfulness and fancy, by means of innocent and exhilarating public amusements ; yet we must gratefully remember that the same influence has restrained, and probably not too much, the license and frivolity of the more favored by fortune ; and intellectual power and beauty have flourished, in the pure unsensual atmosphere, and been embodied in master-pieces of sculpture and painting ; and in some specimens of elegant literature, — no line of which their authors “ dying need wish to blot.” In proof of this, if any is asked for — let us look to facts. It was here that Greenough, acknowledged to be second to no living artist of his line, elaborated that inward power which has “ fixed for ever” the very poetry of Christianity, in those imperishable groups — the Chanting Cherubs, and the Child introduced into Heaven by an Infant Angel ; and in a smaller work, not generally known, which he calls the Genius of Love. This beautiful head has been sometimes mistaken for the impersonation of Piety, so sacred and chaste is the sentiment it expresses. For ourselves, we felt at the first moment that it was not Piety. It wanted that wrapt upward gaze which contemplates a superior nature. We

saw immediately that it was Love for a human being, —but a love, holy, self-governed, and far-reaching ; a love which looked upon the infinite relations of its object, but felt there were no elements of being within it which itself did not experience ; a love which was serious, for its thought followed its beloved one through the long line of human experience, which necessarily involves much and severe suffering, — but not serious to absolute sadness, for that line was felt to be curved into a circle, and to come back again into the lover's heart, where wells up for ever the deep fountain of faith in the Ultimate Good, from that consciousness of its own nipotence and eternity, which is Love's only repose.

In New-England, too, was Alston bred, if not born ; who is no less a poet-painter than Greenough is a poet-sculptor. Here first that beautiful spirit learned itself, and here it has brought out in lines of Grecian grace, and in coloring which Italian art might envy, shapings in feminine form of the very soul of the North, and landscapes where the ideal of man's spirit meets Nature in combinations so new and rare of her fairest forms, that the meeting is solemnized by the presence of Beauty in herself. Nor is it all that he has so mingled the Gothic and the classic, in his embodiments of Spencer, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dante, that we know not which is the predominating element : but in his vision of Jacob ; his singing Miriam ; his Elijah, wrapping himself in his mantle, after he had looked upon the whirlwind, the fire, and the earthquake, and is listening to the still small voice of God in his soul, — he has christianized the Hebrew Muse. Alston, too, is a poet by word as well as with the pencil. His latest poems have been literally an accompaniment of words to his painted music.

Speaking of poets, New-England may boast of what she has done. Here has dwelt Bryant, the still waters of whose soul, with their mirrored pictures, always remind us of those lines of Shelly —

"Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by that water's love
Of that fair forest green.

"And all is interfused beneath
Within Elysium air,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A silence sleeping there."

And here has been unfolded the mysterious, melancholy, and gorgeous genius of Percival ; the dignified dramatic power of Hillhouse ; the chromatic muse of Halleck ; and the wild and gloomy, but spiritual, imagination of Dana. In prose, (to pass by the graver writings on Divinity and Politics,) we have had the mercurial wit of Dennie

and Tyler, (the New-England contributors to the old Port-Folio,) the graceful trifles and elegant criticisms of the Anthology; and later, such faultless works of art as Dr. Kirkland's yet unsurpassed oration at Phi Beta Kappa, and his Memoir of Fisher Ames; Fisher Ames's own writings; the Fragments of the ever lamented Frisbie; the literary productions of Freeman, Buckminster, Greenwood, Dewey, and other young ministers, whose duties cut their belles lettres writings short; the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, and the Essay on Milton, from the pen of Channing; — Sampson Reed's Growth of Mind; Marsh's Essay on Spiritual Philosophy, prefixed to Coleridge's Aids to Reflection; Dana's Prose writings; rare specimens of Biography from Upham and others;* the anniversary Orations of Edward Everett, with the best contributions of himself and others to our anonymous periodicals.

It is not much, it is true, of belles lettres that our men of talents have had time to elaborate. But the character of what they have done is uniformly marked with moral purity, and in this they are but the written expression of the general cultivated society of New-England, where vice, and even free-thinking with respect to morals, is frowned upon, as if they were an unheard-of outrage: and where, therefore, the young child and most innocent girl may freely come and go without receiving a shadow over their pure thoughts; — where even their holiest imaginations might be cherished, till they might practically forget that evil is yet actual.

The truth is, our men of genius are singularly free from the vicious habits, which, in the old countries, have been attached to the profession of literature. They do not herd together at public houses and supper rooms, to drink and carouse. Their recreation is the society of virtuous and refined women. They have the dignity and self-respect which naturally grows in honorable and thoughtful minds, out of the fact that they are regarded as virtually an aristocracy, through that divine right which comes "not by the flesh, nor the will of man, but by the Spirit;" which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth." The high moral standard to which personal character is yet held up, is the test of our literature also. And may it ever be so! May the

* One cannot think of Biography without remembering the memoir of the young James Jackson. But it seemed almost an irreverence to class this sacred apotheosis of youthful virtue, yet wet with the morning dew of its own delicacy, and shadowed from the noonday sun of the world's admiration, by the holy humility and severe simplicity of the same fatherly protection under which he had grown up untouched by a low worldliness. But what an honour it is to a New-England city, that, without any artificial sequestration, such a character could grow up within it. Its voice dares to claim from that modest father, that for the sake of others he would give the beautiful example of his son a wider field of influence. Hundreds of our young men would prize the possession of that Memoir, could it be published, as a moral talisman. Shall so praiseworthy a desire continue to be disappointed?

growing tendency to import into it the dyspeptic fancies and fastidious wire-drawn refinements of an opium-drugged cockneyism be checked! Let the forcible talent of Neal, and the *spirituelle* imagination of Willis, be better employed; nor forget the manly simplicity which has characterized a country only formed, as has been aptly said, in reference to its rugged soil, "to grow men."

These remarks are not irrelevant. For the cultivated society, whose moral taste has governed the literature we have spoken of, is that in which Miss Sedgwick's mind was nurtured. Here her sensibility to the pure and good, her fine powers of observation on character, and her thoughts on social institutions, have been exercised into a vigorous maturity, without her losing, in the cultivation of her taste, the fresh, fearless innocence of thought and feeling which she embodies in her heroines, and which carries them "through the burning ploughshares of this wicked world, unshod and unharmed, like the good Queen Emma" of the English legend. It will be acknowledged that if these fearless actions are necessary to show how essentially pure and harmless is the social atmosphere, they are not, on the whole, to be considered as defects, in works whose principal aim seems to be to describe surrounding society, only so far idealizing it, as to have all that is best within it make its full impression and have its full moral influence.

It was not, however, merely to vindicate the unrulableness in which Miss Sedgwick sometimes indulges her heroines, who are ever "pure in the last recesses of the heart," that these remarks have been made on New-England society and its literature. Miss Sedgwick's works begin to claim a higher place than that of elegant literature. She is evidently a republican writer, in a department which has hitherto been devoted to glorifying the spirit of feudalism, and its consequent false views; and which has certainly never before been made a refracting atmosphere to diffuse the light of our institutions over the whole surface of our society, though so admirably adapted to this purpose.

On the other side of the Atlantic, a woman has risen up, by similar means, to do a sadder work. Miss Martineau has tasked herself to pursue all the false principles of government and political economy into their moral results in the heart of society. And how faithfully the task has been executed thus far; and what agonizing scenes of real life her searching fictions have laid open, we have not leisure now to express; having at this time set ourselves to speak of Miss Sedgwick, who has not a field less extensive in prospect, and how sunshiny in comparison! Every step of her way may be illuminated by the radiance of her country's prosperity, and warmed by her own gratitude therefor; and through the natural nightly vicissitudes which must come to all dwellers on this earthly ball, what starry lights of hope has she to guide her!

We are not so foolish as to ground our expectation of Miss Sedgwick's being the counterpart of Miss Martineau upon the circumstance that she has written a tale entitled *Home*, in a volume of about the same size, as those numbers of the *Illustrations of Political Economy*, which have produced such a sensation in England: but because we see in all her works, and especially in that one, the marks of a true genius for commencing a literature for the mass of the American people which shall bring up their moral tone to the spirit of their institutions. Her mind appreciates the peculiar dignity of republicanism, and her heart rejoices in its enacted poetry. She perceives how naturally this form of society weds Christianity; and with what self-respecting loyalty it rejoices to obey the sacred oracles of its holy and beautiful bride, ever at hand to be consulted, in the simple temple of Family; that only earthly shrine which God's own hands did ever erect for man to worship in.

This temple of worship she represents also as the school of the homely virtues. Here she would have the courteous bearing of Americans towards each other, whether in or out of Congress halls, to be taught them. Not in the fencing school or the court, but at the humble table, and in the little parlour of the mechanic, grace and urbanity are to be learnt; by more efficient means than the sound of the dancing master's fiddlestick and the prescribed mummeries of a master of court ceremonies—even by the voice of parental affection, making music with the heart—obedience of filial and fraternal love; the forms of politeness being left to sense and nature, governed and restrained as these are by such discipline as William Barclay bestowed upon Wallace, and such motherly hints as his excellent wife gave to her children at table, and to the self-relying Alice, when she would have spoken harshly of the deficiency of working ability in the unfortunate Emily Norton. She would have young men stimulated to the moral glory of patriotic duty, by such mothers as Elliot Lee's, and such sisters as Isabella Linwood, who precede them in sacrifice; restraining their own instinctive impulses by conscientious inquiry into the first principles of action for a man and a citizen, and letting no feminine weakness choke the clear tones of encouragement with which they advise to obey the dictates of moral rectitude, although themselves are to be left, while their sons and brothers are away at the war and the national councils. Here, also, would she have still more private virtues and vices dealt with. The reckless gambler is to be punished as Jane Elton punished Erskine, by plucking out her own heart-cherished fancy, and turning from the semblance of the home offered her by a selfish lover, to the unshared duty of a village school-room, where she could still act according to her own views of right with none to hinder. (How we wish the author had left her there!) Intemperance and

all its horrors she would bring more terribly to the heart, because more truly than through visions of demons in distil-houses and breweries, by pouring the soul-poison down the throat of the skinner Hewson, as the only specific for destroying the last sparks of humanity, and making him the wild beast that could tear her *blind* children from the arms of their mother. And how is all "Liberator"-vituperation put to shame by the genuine argument to the heart and understanding that goes forth from the faithful services of the freed-negro Rose! Even when Miss Sedgwick seems to take the least pains to inculcate a moral, a moral spirit breathes from all her pages: and it is a beautiful, glowing, creative, moral spirit, that not only goes back to repent with Redwood over the past, but with Elliot Lee and William Barclay, goes forward to sanctify the new forms of political and social condition in which it finds itself. What a morning glow of youth comes from her pages! they ring with the laugh of childhood, whose echoes die away in the softer music of humanity, from the low heart-touched tones of youthful tenderness, and the subdued bass voices of time-chastened sorrows. The death of that beautiful boy in the first volume of *Clarence*, is so real an event to every reader, that each might pray with sincerity, in the yet retained style of the Puritans, to have the affliction sanctified to the good of their souls; after having returned thanks to heaven for his birth and life. And who would not be better prepared to bear the death of a beloved son and brother after watching the death-bed of Charles Barclay?

In the story of *Home* Miss Sedgwick gives herself more scope for direct moral inculcation; and we prefer this form, therefore, to that of the more technical novel, for we are sure she never can fall into a bald didactic. Her works are not architectures of stone, and wood, and other dead material; a style of writing adapted to guide other ends. Her productions grow up like the trees and the flowers; and if the forms are not strictly everlasting, yet they live, (the former a long time,) and the most transient of the latter leave a deathless perfume to those who will extract their essence.

We might sustain this remark by references to particular touches of moral sensibility, laying open principles that may be applied to every day's action, and lend a daily beauty to the most common life, for such abound in these volumes; but we prefer that our readers should seek them for themselves in frequent re-perusals, and shall now bring to a close our desultory hints of our delight in what Miss Sedgwick has already done, and our sense of her fitness for the work she has commenced; for we trust that *Home* is but the commencement of a series. Many subjects there touched upon are not exhausted. The excellent hint for assisting the poor, is but one of many that she would know how to give, adapted to other places than New-York city: for

the phases which poverty, and the ignorance which so often produces it, take, vary with the location ; in this connexion she could also set forth the precise relation which some necessary public institutions of benevolence ought to hold to the conscience of the people. For Insane Hospitals for the Poor, Blind Asylums, Infirmarys for the Sick, &c., are not only to be supported in this country by private subscription and bequest, but to be administered in a more philosophic and reflective spirit than in those countries where the blind spirit of Catholic almsgiving has moulded all the methods, and pointed out but low ends of charity. Nor could any one, better than herself, illustrate the new relations of master and servant among us, as may be seen from Barclay's management of Martha. And this is unfortunate; for the rich are yet to learn that if they are to be exempted from manual labor, it must be by sharing more equally with those that serve them their wealth ; — and those who serve are to learn, at the same time, that, as their privileges rise, and their means of comfort and improvement are enlarged, their sense of duty is to grow more refined, and their service to be more faithful, hearty, and intelligent. Both parties need to have more just views as to what is of essential value, and what is illusion. Perhaps it is but reasonable to believe that what has been called the lower class will prove quite as apt pupils in this new philosophy of life, as those who think themselves the highest. We will mention a single point, as an instance of those things which are perplexing to many minds. By the introduction of factories into New-England, the price of female labor has been so much augmented, that a hue and cry has been raised that we shall have no servants in our houses, and there is certainly a difficulty in getting servants at wages very much less than those which they may earn elsewhere. But it may be shown that this inconvenience has its limit ; that by and by a reasonable rise of wages will take place ; and that then there will grow a greater respect towards those to whom these better wages are paid ; and that the ultimate effect of this, joined to the undoubted advantage which a place in a family affords to a young woman who wishes to fit herself for the various duties of life, over those presented by a crowded boarding-house in a manufacturing town, will force themselves on the minds of thinking parents ; and the temporary disproportion which now troubles us will disappear. Manufacturing life itself, and the moral dangers and duties it involves, also need illustration. And the New-England school system is yet to be recommended to immense tracts of country that are fast filling up with population, but are making no provision for the cultivation of the judgment of millions of the voters, — and it may be of the legislators and civil officers — of the next generation.

Principles of our institutions, yet deeper than any we have mentioned, occur to us as rich subjects. The abstract perfection of our constitution makes it of itself less affecting to the unreasoning mind than one founded on secondary principles would be. It takes only the sentiment of devotion, which is common enough in human nature to bind the soldier to his banner, the subject of a king to his sense-dazzling master. The lust of his eyes comes in aid of his loyalty. But the sovereign who is to enlist the loyalty of this people is an abstract Existence, to be apprehended only by the better part of our nature. It is law, the law that descends from heaven and abides in the moral region; and which must be clothed by the heart, in order that it may be loved as well as respected; while the lower propensities of our nature must not be allowed to dethrone it, in order to place a blind, headlong, selfish will in its place. It is true, our political writers, from the high-souled, pure-hearted, conscience-clear Quincy,* down through all who have written in the various departments of Political Economy and Legislation, even to Webster, whose works have just been collected; have been most truly inspired with an ever-present aim of making political constitution and legislative enactment "coincident with the moral code."† But these works are such pure reasonings from first principles, that they are too hard reading to be the popular recreation of our community, who generally take up books only as a pastime. Therefore, although the duties of republicans to the constitution and laws which secure their rights, have been reasoned on and set forth by the framers of our government and their successors in the judicial and legal profession, in lucid arguments, filled with the glowing spirit of a truly humane liberty, the mass of our population is growing up ignorant of the true views which should possess a professedly self-governed nation. Never, therefore, was the feminine genius, whose nature it is to apply principle to domestic and social action, and, like spring and summer, to breathe beauty into and over the sublime but wintry outlines of the political system drawn over by masculine power; — never, we repeat, was feminine genius before called to a work of such far-reaching beneficence as this one, — to accomplish which Miss Sedgwick has given us by her two last works an earnest of her power. To those who think we exaggerate the importance of this work, we would refer to that often repeated saying of a deep thinker — "let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes the laws;" an aphorism whose spirit is more applicable to a government like ours than it can be to any other, since the laws which the people themselves make, will

* See *Life of the elder Josiah Quincy*, by his son, the present President of Harvard University: a book which is pregnant with the new era of moral politics: and should be studied by every American.

† This fine expression is taken from the Report of the Massachusetts' Legislature on Insolvent Debtors. 1835.

most assuredly flow out of their ballads. And when the writer whom we are calling upon remembers, that each of her "ballads" is to be a whole of itself, and of no very large dimensions, we trust she will perceive that a very great moral object may be attained, with the same ease to herself that has always characterized her efforts hitherto; nor feel her modesty alarmed that she is summoned to the work by the unanimous voice of an admiring public.

LETTERS FROM ARKANSAS.

SIR — I see that you have published my first letter* from this out of the way land. That emboldens me to try my hand at another. Court has just adjourned, and so has the Territorial Legislature, and I am a little at leisure. After I get through with the Arkansas River, we will look at the capital.

I left Crawford county in July, 1833, and travelled down the river some forty miles, to the county of Pope, where I intended to *take up* (as they say here) a school. After travelling over a fine, rolling, upland country, I descended into the bottom of a creek called Little Piney, nine miles from the river — and came at once upon a small log house. I stopped to take a survey before entering; for I had been directed to the *settler* who lived there. It was like most other settlements in this country. A field of about forty acres was under cultivation, — filled with huge blackened trunks, gigantic skeletons of trees, throwing their bare, withered, sapless branches forth, as though a whirlwind had been among them with its crashing destruction. About the house were a number of peach trees, scattered about with very little regard to regularity. The house itself was roughly built of logs, and in front was a shelter made of poles, covered with green branches. The owner of the clearing was sitting in front, dressed throughout in leather, and playing lustily on the fiddle. Hearing that sound, I judged there would be no churlishness in his disposition, and I marched boldly up. He greeted me heartily, and without any attempt at politeness, and in two minutes we were on the best terms in the world. He too had been at Santa Fé, and, as old travellers over the prairie, we had a claim upon

* A previous letter of this highly interesting series was published in the New-England Magazine; to the editor of which the one here given was addressed. We are encouraged to hope that the writer will continue his valuable communications to the

one another's kindness. The heart naturally warms to one who has been through the same scenes of danger, difficulty, and privation as yourself.

With due reference to those respectable gentlemen of former ages, called troubadours, romancers, et cetera, I incline to believe that the best and most gallant knights of olden time were much such men as the bold and stalwart backwoodsmen. The same bold, brave, and careless demeanor — the same contempt of danger and recklessness of the finer courtesies and sympathies of life — the same fighting, reveling, carousing, and heedless disposition — the same blunt and unpolished manners exist in the latter which are recorded to have belonged to the former. My present host was one of the purest specimens of the bone and sinew of the West. Tall and athletic, he would hardly have feared a death-grapple with a bear. His frame was close knit, muscular, and well proportioned. He combined the activity of the panther, the strength of the lion, with much of the silent, quick, and stealthy movements of the Indian. He had been a journeyer over deserts and mountains, and a soldier at the battle of New Orleans. Of course he was an excellent Jackson man.

My object being, as I said before, to get a school, I opened the subject to my host, and inquired what might be the prospect? "Why," said he, "if you would set in, right strait, I reckon thar' might be a right smart chance of scholars got, as we have had no teacher here for the best end of two years. Thar's about fifteen families on the creek, and the whole tote of 'em well fixed for children. They want a schoolmaster pretty much, too. We got a teacher about six months ago — a Scotchman, or an Irishman, I think. He took up for six months, and carried his proposals round, and he got twenty scholars directly. It weren't long, though, before he cut up some ferlicues, and got into a primary; and so one morning he was found among the missing."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh! he took too much of the essence of corn, and got into a chunk of a fight — no great matter, to be sure; but he got whipped, and had to leave the diggings."

"And how am I to manage to get a school?"

"I'll tell you. You must make out your proposals to take up school; tell them how much you ask a month, and what you can teach; and write it out as fine as you can, (I reckon you're a pretty good scribe,) and in the morning there's to be a shooting match here for beef; nearly all the settlement," (laying the accent on the last syllable) "will be here, and you'll get signers enough."

I followed his advice. The neighbors gathered in the next morning; I was duly introduced to them, and soon had twenty scholars

subscribed. Reader, didst ever see a shooting match in the West? I dare swear you never have, and therefore there may be no tediousness in a description of one. I hate your set descriptions; laid out, formally, in squares and parallelograms, like an old-fashioned garden, wherein art hath not so far advanced as to seem like nature. You can just imagine the scene to yourself. Conceive yourself in a forest, where the huge trees have been for ages untouched by the axe. Imagine some twenty men — tall, stalwart, browned hunters; equipped in leather, with their broad knives by their sides, rifles in hand, and every man with his smoke blacked board in his hand. The rivals in the first contest were eight sturdy fellows, middle aged and young men. The ox for which they were to shoot was on the ground, and it was to be the best six shots out of eleven. The four quarters, and the hide and tallow, were the five prizes; they were to shoot *off-hand* at forty yards, or with a *rest* at sixty, which is considered the same thing. Two judges were chosen, and then a blackened board, with a bit of paper on it about an inch and a half square, was put up against a tree. "Clare the track!" cried the first marksman, who lay on the ground at his distance of sixty yards, with his gun resting over a log. The rifle cracked, and the bullet cut into the paper. "Put up my board!" cried another — "John, shade my *sight* for me!" and John held his hat over the *sight* of the gun. It cracked, and the bullet went within half an inch of the centre. "My board!" cried another; "I'll give that shot *goos*!" and he did; fairly boring the centre with the ball. The sport soon became exciting. It requires great steadiness of nerve to shoot well, for any irregularity in breathing will throw the bullet wide of the mark. The contest was longer than I had anticipated; but was decided without quarrel or dispute. The judges decided, and their decision was implicitly obeyed. The whole eleven shots of one man, who won two quarters, could be covered with a half dollar. You have made a show of Davy Crockett; but there are thousands of men in the West who are better marksmen, better bear hunters, and every whit as smart as Davy himself.

Speaking of him, however, reminds me of an anecdote of him, which may perhaps be contained in his autobiography; if not, it is too good to be lost, for it does him more honor than the fact that he has been in congress. Before he was a candidate, or had any idea of being one, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi, and bought a flat boat load of corn, and took it to what he calls "his old stamping ground." When a man came to him to buy corn, the first question he asked, was: "Have you got the money to pay for it?" If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, "Then you can't have a kernel. I brought it

here to sell to people that have *no* money." It was the foundation of his popularity.

We naturally slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us leave Crockett and come to school-keeping. My school-house was a small log house, with a fireplace the width of one end — no floor — no boarding or weather boarding — a hole for a window, and one for a door. In that place I taught a collection of urchins two months; and then was taken possession of by the fever and ague, which lasted me another month, and ended my school-keeping in this mortal life. I was to get my pay, half in money and half in pigs; and I managed to get *three* dollars of the former and omitted saying any thing of the quadrupeds. That made four and a half months, during which I had labored at mine office and vocation. For the first six weeks I got just enough to pay my board; and for the last school, as I said before, three dollars. How many pigs I may have at this day in Pope county, it is impossible for me to tell. However, while I was employed in this thankless office, I wrote "hapes" (as my predecessor in the school would have said) of poetry, part of which I have since published in a book. If it did not make me famous, it ought to have done it; for it was all I got for my three or four months' hard work.

I see that some one in your magazine has reviewed my unpretending work,* and accuses me of affectation, because I wrote in too gloomy and melancholy a vein. Sir, it is easy for men who dwell in New England to chide the luckless wanderer of the desert and sojourner in solitude, — for gloom and despondency; I hope that those who blame me may never suffer what I have suffered. Part of that book I wrote in a foreign country, while travelling about, *alone*, among men of a different language — part in the *lodge* of the wild Indian — part in the solitudes of the mountains; on the loneliness and danger of the desert; in hunger and watching, and cold and privation — part in the worse loneliness of a school-room — *all* in poverty, trouble, and despair. It is easy to *imagine* a desolation of the heart; I *know* what it is. Enough of this!

The country below Pope county, to Little Rock, (which you have misprinted "Dutch Rock") on the north side of the Arkansas, beyond the bottoms, is high, rough, and rocky; particularly near the Cadron and the Palarme. Here and there are low valleys, where the roads are most execrable, and even dangerous. The country to the north, comprising several counties, I know very little about, excepting the county of Washington, which is much like Missouri, composed of undulating prairies, interspersed with wood land. There is very little

* Poems and Prose Sketches: reviewed in 1st No., 9th vol. of N. E. M.

worthy of remark on the road from Pope county to Little Rock, except about fifty-five miles above the latter place, where you cross the track of a hurricane. A tremendous tornado passed there some five years ago, with a power almost inconceivable. It was about a mile and a half in width; and no one knows the distance it travelled. It left hardly a tree standing where it swept by. The largest hickory and oak trees were twisted round, and *broomed* up by the blast; and a thick growth of vines and briars has grown up in place of the forest. It has never been my fortune to behold the passage of such a tornado; neither am I anxious for the honor. One of the lawyers in this territory, who was caught in such a hurricane once, has described it to me frequently. He was travelling through the woods in the southern part of the territory, on a clear, warm summer day, when he heard a roaring, like the bellowing of the ocean, rising in the distance, and increasing every moment. He sought for some open place, and found one, where a small hickory sapling stood alone, with no tree within twenty or thirty yards. Here he alighted, and, holding the sapling with one hand, kept the bridle in the other. In a few moments he saw, afar off, in the direction of the tornado, the air darkened with branches swept onward before the mighty wind. Directly the blast struck him — not like a wind, but like a body of condensed air, pouring on with the swiftness of the lightning. At one moment he was dashed on the ground — and then the tornado would lift itself, and leave a calm below — then it would descend again, and again dash him to the earth. He was stunned with the terrible roar of the mad hurricane, and the crash of the giant trees, over which the chariot of destruction was rolling its mighty, though invisible wheels. Large branches were whirled far away over his head, or fell close by him; and it was a full half hour ere the hurricane had passed away. It had swept a path through the forest, as a cannon ball would cut its road through a solid column of Lilliputians.

Little Rock, at which place I arrived in October, 1833, during the season of the legislature, is situate on the south bank of the Arkansas river. Directly opposite to the town is a bottom about a mile wide, only cleared in here and there a spot; and about two miles above the town, an abrupt promontory, called Big Rock, juts into the river on the north side. The town itself is situated on a bluff on the river, far above overflow; and just below the limits of the town, the bottom spreads out again. As Mr. Featherstonhaugh has published a long description anent this country, which I take to be extremely learned, for the very sufficient reason that I cannot understand a word of it, and as I am no geologist, I shall give no descriptions of which that science forms an ingredient. I only know that the Little Rock Bluff is composed of slate, (*granwacke slate*, I think he calls it.)

Little Rock contains about eight hundred and fifty inhabitants, and is laid off with tolerable regularity by streets running at right angles. The ground on which it is built is somewhat irregular; but could easily be graded, so that it would slope regularly from the summit of the ridge to the river; in which case it would much resemble, in size and situation, the town of Newburyport. The houses are a motley mixture; consisting of every variety, from brick blocks of two stories to log cabins — standing in juxtaposition. Far the greater number, however, are shingle palaces. There are no public buildings, (unless you give the churches that name, of which there are three, two wooden and one brick,) except the State house — to erect which, congress gave the territory ten sections of land, which sold for thirty-two thousand dollars. It is a great, awkward, clumsy, heavy edifice, of brick, with a smaller building on each side — one a court house, and the other for secretary's office, &c. The main building is partly covered with *tin*; and is commonly called "Pope's folly" — after the Hon. John Pope, Ex-governor of the territory, its projector.

When I arrived at Little Rock, I commenced editing the paper of which I am now the proprietor. At that time political contests were carried on with much acrimony and violence, and abuse filled both the papers. Arkansas bore but a poor character abroad, and I dare not say that she did not deserve it. Matters have altered for the better. I venture to assert that there is not a more peaceable town any where than Little Rock. Its citizens are men from all parts of the Union, and there is no more intelligent, shrewd, and sensible, and at the same time, generous and hospitable community in the world.

Heigho! I am confident that I am writing but a dull article. This poring over law books, and arguing demurrers, and writing of declarations and deeds, is but dull business; and does not tend to exalt the imagination, or to fit a man to write for a Magazine. I will give you a "screed" of poetry, and e'en stop for this once.

TO THE FIRST COMING FLOWERS OF SPRING.

YOUNG nurseling of the spring and of the winds!
Thou com'st like tenderness fostered by neglect,
Or like a hope within a desert mind,
Lonely and beautiful, with brightness decked.

The earth is waking from her dreamless sleep
Of barrenness and winter; and the airs
Come hovering down from heaven's unmeasured deep,
And brood upon her; and the azure wears

The semblance of the placid ocean, in
Its great blue eye; and wandering clouds spread out,
In that great vast, their misty sails and thin,
And move, in constant restlessness, about

In the blue depths, freighted with rain and dew,
To scatter down, blessing the trees and flowers,
When night comes wandering, in silence, through
The clustering stars, guarded by darkling hours.

Spring, gentle spring! Thou nurse of happiness!
Cradled at first among the winter winds,
In thronging clouds gloomy and lustreless;
Thou comest like a dream of joy, that blinds

The heart with happiness — and thou dost bless
The barren earth, and the deep, sluggish minds
Of mankind, dulled by winter, and the ocean
Lifts its blue waves to thee with deep emotion.

Ay, thou didst sleep, while winter ruled, afar
In the calm greenness of the sea-girt isles,
While every wondering and impatient star
Watched for the coming of thy many smiles,

And thy soft winds, that should the frost unbar,
That bound the seed-girt flowers in the piles
Of frozen earth — yet still thy sleep was calm
Beneath the olive and the branching palm.

Then thou didst wake — thy influence was poured
From the unmeasured chrystalline of heaven, —
The winds of winter fled away, and roared
Behind the western mountains: — life was given

Unto the earth — the quiet rains were showered
Upon its brow — its frozen mass was riven,
And, like awakening dreams, the flowers sprung up,
And each for sun and rain lifted its thirsting cup.

One sprung as suddenly as love will spring,
At times, within the lonely heart — from out
The mass of rotting leaves that here did cling,
(Scattered when wintry winds did run and shout,)

And then the clouds opened their snowy wings,
And in the air came hovering about;
So that the light rain, and the lighter dew,
Rained, like a spiritual influence, through

The chasm of air. The joyful earth vibrated,
And greenness sprung — like many a pleasant thought
Of universal joy — the sea, elated,
Quaked on his shores — with melody untaught.

The birds sang forth, and every thing created
A new joy, from the spring's young spirit caught;
And all, from mankind to the worm that crawls,
Felt like worn captives loosened from their thralls.

Spring! Sweetest of the seasons! Welcome here!
As calm is to the storm-tossed mariner, —
Wine to the goblet — music to the ear —
Thou to the poet art — ay, welcomer.

When summer heralds thee unto thy bier,
As autumn in his turn shall herald her,
Thy memory shall still to me be sweet,
As of loved friends whom still we hope to meet.

But *thou*, the earliest of the young spring's dreams,
Unfoldest from her heart under white frost,
Stirred by the leaping murmur of the streams
Like voices of fresh happiness uptossed

From busy spirits wakening in chill graves —
And pale and shrinking nestlest quite away,
In tangled briers, and where the long moss waves.
Thou hast arisen like a starry ray

Of sudden thought within a poet's heart,
Or unadulterated love, within
The breast of woman, and thou hast no part
With aught around thee — with the moaning din

Of the old twirling oak leaves — or the dim,
Unslumbering and sad monotony
Of the grey weeds — the bare and swinging limb
Of each old winter-stripped and leafless tree.

Thou droopest toward the earth again, like one
For life and its tumultuous storms unfit;
And soon the ardor of the fiery sun,
Like a great censer in the heavens uplit,

Shall scorch away thy being with his fire,
And thou shalt like a vanishing dream depart;
As some sweet poet fainting on his lyre,
Wastes with the intense passions of his heart.

ALBERT PIKE.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS,

BY THE MAN WITH A CAP.

ON CAPS.

IT has been a received axiom, from the age of Addison to this present age, which, if it escape being called the Age of Puffing, will probably bear the name of a "greater than Addison," that the public have a right to know something of the personal appearance of any one who seeks either to amuse or instruct them. I am not unwilling to render obedience to this requisition, which indeed I think very reasonable. Know then, gentle reader, that I wear a cap—Wear a cap? Is that your description of yourself? that does not in the remotest degree designate you—now a-days every body wear caps. Your pardon, reader, you are wrong, and evidently know nothing about the matter; but be not discouraged when thus I inform you, without ceremony, of your ignorance—be not discouraged, but put yourself in the attitude of a disciple—sit at the feet of the man with a cap, and you shall be taught. First, what is a cap? If you take your reply from the common herd, you will suppose that every covering for the head which is not a hat, is a cap; for, very far from truth is this vain and foolish notion. Still, the word, when confined within its legitimate meaning, is comprehensive. The field is wide—as my great progenitor Cato (he wore a cap, apex pontificalis, vide Cicero) said, "the wide, the boundless prospect lies before me." Happily for you, oh reader, I am not obliged to add "shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it." Let us discriminate a little—first, the caps I speak of are not nightcaps—though very many exceedingly pretty things might be said about nightcaps—as, for example, imagine a cap of finest cambric, with one neat modest frill around the front—the plain white strings tied beneath the chin—of the fair young bride—think of that—I have other and less bright, though not less pleasing, recollections connected with nightcaps.

I remember, oh, how well do I remember, the silk net nightcap of my venerable friend, Colonel P——, in his latter days, when time had thinned his silver locks, he wore that nightcap,—brown with black edges, in the day-time, and well did it become him. How often have

I seen him sitting in his old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair ; his shrunk form nearly buried in the folds of his brocade dressing-gown — and his venerable features fully exposed, even to a portion of the high bald forehead, as he pushed his cap a little back in the earnestness of his discourse — how often have I seen him thus, and heard him tell his old Revolutionary stories, till his pale cheek would glow, and his aged dimmed eye kindle at the recollection of the God-like men with whom he had suffered and labored in the Great Cause — then would he tell what a flame of patriotic eloquence burned on the lips of Henry — how the brothers Adams stood side by side, ready to do or dare any thing for liberty — how freely Hancock and Carroll periled their wealth, and how freely every one, from Him, the unequalled, the unapproached, to the poorest soldier in the ranks, periled, and alas, too, often lost life for liberty — “And will you,” would my old friend say — “will you, when you remember the price your country’s freedom cost us, will you not guard it — will you — dare you, fool it away — cast it from you?” Thus the venerable Colonel P—— spoke — thus he felt — but he is dead — I thank God he is dead — he does not live to see what we of this generation see, but feel not. He has been removed from among us, and in a good time ; the God of the Free has taken his servant to himself. Speaking of men’s nightcaps, it has long been a moot point, whether a man — a young man I mean, should ever wear a nightcap. It is a subject on which much might be said, though I do not mean to say much upon it, or indeed upon any one subject. I just throw out a hint here and there, and leave room for the exercise of your own minds. As to this question, I confess I had doubts — in my young days — the cap has a nice clean look ; and it is past denial that the ladies say they like it — at least they used to say so when diffidence was more the fashion with them than it is now ; and many an honest fellow has been betrayed into wearing a nightcap — white, fitting close to the head like a monk’s skull-cap, and tied under the chin with a piece of narrow white ribbon — and it was only when the bride forgot her tremors, and burst into a fine rich guffaw, that the fellow found out he had taken a deal of trouble to make himself look like a sick taylor. No, no — never wear a nightcap till you are past your youth. Emma, my love ; am I not right ? My child ! you need not blush and make a little dunce of yourself — there is nobody here — you have taken off that odious stiff silk dress, and put on your nice wide comfortable morning-gown — the door is shut — the sofa drawn up close to the fire — you have taken up the new number, and thrown yourself down on the pile of pillows. Ah ! there goes your comb — and your hair, — really, Emma, you have beautiful hair, its all loose, and flowing even to the floor — never mind, my dear, but just push it out of

your eyes ; and tell me, do you think a man should wear a nightcap ? How do you think Charles would look in a white nightcap ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! White nightcap ! ha ! ha ! ha ! — There, I told you so, disciple of mine, whatever the girls may think it pretty to say in public — get them in private, and they will, one and all, confess that a man in a nightcap looks very much like a big black Newfoundland dog with a pink ribbon tied round his neck. By the way, is it true that N—— wears a lace nightcap, and puts his hair in papers ? Fact, upon my word — you don't say so — Yes ; and how do you think it was found out ? B——, to whom N—— sent a sonnet, declared that the thing was written by a man who had his hair in paper — he charged N—— with it ; and alas ! for his want of presence of mind, or presence of countenance, N—— could not deny it. Indeed, if he had attempted such a thing, B—— would most undoubtedly have faced him out of it ; for he says he could have sworn to the curl paper if the sonnet had come from Webster — there is an instance of sagacity not to be matched in the annals of criticism. I would rather have detected the mark of the curling-tongs on that sonnet, than have been the first to cry out against poor Ireland and his Vortigern — by the way, there was a deal of humbug in the outcry that was made against poor Ireland and his “sacriligious attempt” as the great ones called it. I don't think Vortigern such a despicable play after all said and done. The man who believes that Shakspeare wrote Titus Andronicus (which I do not) might very well have believed that he wrote Vortigern, or any thing else in the Shakspeare papers. 'Tis a thousand pities that Titus Andronicus cannot, even at this late day, be stricken out of the list of Shakspeare's plays — pity that such a compound of beastliness and vapidty should be bound up in the same volume with Romeo and Juliet. I was looking this morning, while in C.'s shop, at a print of the ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus. The print was scarce more than tolerable, and realized very imperfectly, if at all, the magnificent idea. What an idea that is ! the ghost of the dead Roman appearing at midnight to his murderer ; and when the conscious smitten Brutus, though he knew but too well whose image stood before him, when he asks — Who art thou ? What a horrible answer — I am — not Cæsar — No ! — I am your evil spirit — yes, I, Cæsar — the wronged Cæsar — the kind — the noble friend — the more than father, whom you murdered, now, as your evil genius, haunt your pillow. And then, as beginning to gather heart, he asks — “Why comest thou ?” The dreadful reply is — “To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Phillippi.” Yes ; I come now only to tell thee that I will come again, to fix a future and a not distant point, when the dread vision which now

“Makes your blood cold, and your hair to stand,”

will come again—thus will I wither all your hopes, and blacken all the future with apprehension and with terror. Yes; and I will meet you at Phillippi—you have just chosen that as your last great battle-field—you have set your life upon the hazard of the die, and now I come to tell you, that when the great game is played—the game on which you have staked life, and that phantom liberty, for which you bartered happiness, when that great game is played at Phillippi, I will be there. I believe the man who invented steel pens will certainly be damned. It is melancholy to think of it—but he will certainly be damned; and C——, who gave me a paper of them, will be sent to purgatory for a thousand years, as an accomplice after the fact. He would insist that I should try them—the newest patent—imitation crow-quill—Perry, Gill, Gillot, &c. &c., all the perfectedst perfect—“must try them”—“sure I should like them”—“so flexible”—“such an excellent point”—“only just try them,” said he, “and I am quite sure you will never be willing to use crow or goose quill again.” I, “good easy man,” was persuaded, and brought home my card of pens and a pretty silver-mounted holder. I took one out, and began to write “Sayings and Doings, by the Man—” Scrape went the pen—splash went the ink—the man with a cap was bespattered over, till there was not a dry thread in him. I was not discouraged, however, but went on, and am going on.

I see Tom Campbell has been writing a punning epistle to Thomas Hood, full of “dating his letter from the land of dates,” and “all geers,” and such stuff; only think of Campbell the poet, of Gertrude of Wyoming writing puns—and punning upon a name, the lowest and vilest kind even of punning. The only duel I ever knew, which was perfectly justifiable, was that between midshipman Bullet and Mr. Purser Harris. The purser was a great punster, and he thought proper to make some paltry pun upon the name of Bullet; as, put bullet into that long nine—meaning a cigar. Bullet was a small man; of course there was nothing left for him but to call Harris out. He did so, and poor Harris fell at the first fire, and died in an hour and twenty-seven minutes. Just before he expired, they brought the middy up to his bedside, that he might receive his forgiveness. He came forward with a very sorrowful look, and stood for a few moments unnoticed by the side of the dying man. At last Harris opened his eyes, and seeing Bullet, said, while something like a grin distorted his countenance—“*Ah, Bullet, you are into me.* There it was again—the ruling passion strong in death. I was sorry for poor Harris; he was, aside from his punning, a very decent fellow; and his death was doubtless a terrible shock to his maiden sisters, of whom he had seven, entirely dependent on him. Where is my cap—I protest that I cannot keep it on my head five minutes at a time. Oh,

here it is ; and now let us try if we can keep fast hold of it. Caps may be divided into four different classes.

Speaking of division, naturally reminds me of the civil war in Texas. I fancy our Yankee volunteers will prove too hard for General Cos. How they do flock to the standard — after all, war is the natural state of man, and peace is, as old Professor — of Philadelphia used to say of life — a forced state — get men together — Irish men particularly — and how easy it is to set them by the ears ; but let them get once fairly *at it*, and then try to part them — there I have lost my cap — now it is lost — I don't believe I shall find it in a month.

SONG.

THERE is a wee and pretty maid,
 As sweet and winsome as a fairy,
 I wadna ask wi' wealth to wed,
 If I could wed wi' thee, Mary.

I've wandered east — I've wandered west —
 As wanton as the winds that vary ;
 But ne'er was I sae truly blest
 As when I met wi' thee, Mary.

Like a wee purple violet,
 That hangs its blushing head a-weary,
 When wi' the dew its leaves are wet,
 Sae modest sweet art thou, Mary.

Thy brow is white, as is the mist
 That sleeps on Heaven's forehead starry —
 Or mountain snow by sunrise kissed, —
 Thy heart is whiter still, Mary.

Thine e'en are like an eagle's e'en
 That sitteth proudly in his aerie —
 They glitter with a starry sheen, —
 Yet modest as thy heart, Mary.

Upon thy rosy cheek, the soul
 Seems in the gushing tide to vary ;
 An' crimson currents in it roll,
 As tho' it wad break thro', Mary.

If I could press thee in my arms,
 As my wee wife and bonny fairy ;
 I wadna gie for thy sweet charms
 The warld an' a' its wealth, Mary.

How sweetly wad the hours gae by,
 That now sae solemn are and dreary,
 If thou upon my breast didst lie,
 My ain, my lovely, dear Mary.

A. PIKE.

PERSONATIONS OF THE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. LETTERS OF A CELEBRATED PERSONAGE.)

I HAVE been, man and boy, a reader of Shakspeare at least three score years. A pocket edition of him was among the books of my mother's nursery-library, and at ten years of age I was as familiarly acquainted with his lovers and his clowns, as with Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Bible. In later years I have left Robinson and the Pilgrim to the perusal of children; but have continued to read the Bible and Shakspeare, always recognizing the precedence of veneration due to the holy Scriptures.

I have read Shakspeare as a *teacher of morals* — as a student of human nature — as a painter of life and manners — as an anatomical dissector of the passions — as an artificer of imaginary worlds — as at once the sublimest and most philosophic of poets.

When I say that my admiration of Shakspeare is little short of idolatry, I mean to be understood that it is *not* idolatry — that I hold him amenable to the common laws of criticism, and feel at liberty to censure in him, as well the vices of his age, which abound in all his plays, as his own faults, from which he is by no means exempt. Yet, admiring him as I do, with all his blemishes, I take no pleasure in dwelling upon them. My remarks were confined to the different impressions made upon me by the true Shakspeare in my closet, and by the spurious Shakspeare often exhibited upon the stage.

I had been more than seven years a reader of Shakspeare before I saw any of his plays performed. Fifty-two years have passed away since I first saw John Kemble, in the vigor of early manhood, personate, upon the boards of Drury Lane, the character of Hamlet. It was the first play that I ever saw performed in England — the first of Shakspeare's plays that I had seen performed any where — and I was disappointed. I had been much accustomed to the theatres of France — far advanced beyond those of England in the art of dramatic representation — and although John Kemble was then in his prime, and Hamlet was one of his favorite parts, in the comparison which crowded upon my mind, between Drury Lane and the Theatre Français at Paris, and between the Hamlet of John Kemble and the Hamlet which I had by heart from Shakspeare, the Prince of Denmark himself, the most admirable of all Shakspeare's *portraits of man*, became to me a

weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable personage. Such was the impression left upon me by the first exhibition that I ever witnessed of Shakspeare upon the stage; and that impression, after the lapse of more than half a century, remains uneffaced, and, while memory holds her seat, uneffaceable from my mind.

I have since then seen almost all the plays of Shakspeare that are ever exhibited upon the stage — Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Isabella, of Queen Catharine, of Hamlet's Mother, and of Lady Macbeth; Mrs. Jordan in the characters of Viola and of Ophelia; Miss Wallace and Miss O'Neal in that of Juliet; Mrs. Abington in that of Beatrice; Miss Foote in that of Imogen; and the parts of Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Richard 3d, Falstaff, Mercutio, Bendick, Shylock, Iago, Romeo, and Petruchio by John Kemble, Palmer, Kean, Cooper, Fawcett, Lewis, Macklin, and Booth; besides the parts of Hamlet and Cardinal Wolsey by Henderson, and the grave-diggers and clowns by Parsons, Quick, Munden, and Liston. There was scarcely an eminent performer at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, for the space of thirty-five years, from 1783 to 1817, but I have seen grapple with some of the persons of Shakspeare's drama. The female parts I have thought generally well performed, though that of Juliet was always disfigured by the substitution of that age of nineteen for the original fourteen. The consequence of which has been that the enchanting mixture of childish frailty and innocence, with her burning and hopeless love, which constitute the profound pathos of the tragedy, is entirely lost. Of all the performers that I have ever seen presuming to speak the language, and to convey the thoughts of Shakspeare, Mrs. Siddons has appeared to me to understand them best. Henderson's Hamlet and Wolsey, Macklin's Shylock, Lea Lewis's Mercutio, John Kemble's Lear and Macbeth, Kean's Richard, Parson's Grave-Digger, Liston's Launcelot Gobbo, Mrs. Jordan's Viola, and Mrs. Abington's Beatrice, have been among the most renowned of personations of Shakspeare's parts since the days of Garrick. But in my, perhaps eccentric, judgment, no person can deliver the words and ideas of Shakspeare who has not been accustomed to study them as a *teacher of morals* — the *first* of the capacities in which I have looked up to him since, in my career of life, I have passed the third of his seven ages. As a school-boy, I delighted in him as a teller of tales and a joker of jokes. As a lover, I gazed with ecstasy upon the splendors of his imagination, and the heart-cheering, heart-rending joys and sorrows of his lovers. Never as a soldier; but in the age of active manhood, which he allots to that profession, I have resorted to him as a pilgrim to the shrine of a saint, for moral, ay, and for religious instruction. I have found in the *story* of most of his plays, in the *characters* of most of his personages, in

the *incidents* of his fables, in the *sentences* of unparalleled solemnity and magnificence, delivered as part of the dialogue of his speakers, nay, in the very conceits and quibbles of his clowns, lessons of the most elevated and comprehensive morality. Some of them have at times almost tempted me to believe in them as of more than poetical inspiration. But, excepting John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, I never met with a player who appeared to me to have thought of Shakspeare as a moralist at all, or to have inquired what were the morals that he taught; and, as I have said, John Kemble did not appear to me to understand the character of Hamlet. Garrick himself attempted to strike out the grave-digger scene from the tragedy of Hamlet, and the very rabble of London, the gods of the galleries, forced him to restore it. There is not, in the compass of the drama, a scene of deeper and more philosophical morality.

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOERNER.

ONCE more let it sparkle and gladden the heart!
 Farewell, loves and friendships! for ever we part!
 Ye mountains! farewell, and thou once happy home!
 A power resistless impels me to roam.

The sun in the heavenly fields knows no stay —
 O'er land and o'er ocean he rides far away;
 The waves linger not as they roll on the sand,
 And the storms in their fury sweep over the land.

The bird on the light floating cloud sails along,
 And sings in the distance his dear native song;
 Through woodland and meadow the youth rushes forth,
 To rival the wanderer, old mother Earth.

The songsters he knew in the fields of his home,
 Come flying to greet him o'er ocean's wide foam —
 And the flowers of his childhood salute him once more
 As the gales waft them on from his far native shore.

The birds of his home still around him to charm —
 The flowers Love planted still breathing their balm —
 Early loves and old friendships still pressing his hand,
 His *home* is around him — though far be the land.

HERMEUS;

OR LETTERS FROM A MODERN GREEK.

YET if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And Sophist, madly vain of dubious lore;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labor light!
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight —
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

From Alexis Hermeus,

To Adelheid Eichwald,

Greek Professor at ——— University.

Athens, 1834.

To you, my kind, my learned friend, I feel a melancholy pleasure in pouring out the overflowing of my soul. You know how heavy has been the pressure of domestic affliction. I nerved my heart to bear my wrongs with calmness, my griefs with courage. My father! thy murdered manes cried aloud for vengeance — our oppressors felt thy spirit nerve my arm, and carry terror amidst their ranks. The darling of thy age, my beautiful sister, my Euthasie, what though the dirk pierced not thy bosom — though thy lovely form was not mangled by the murderer's steel — driven forth from the home of thy youth, our palace halls, endeavoring by flight to save that life for thy parent which sorrow had already embittered; and when the shock came, which told thee of our father's fate, bearing up under sickness and grief, to be able once more to fling thyself into my arms, to die upon my bosom. All the tender ties which had hitherto given a charm to my existence being thus rudely broken, all that remained to me of hope was staked on the deliverance of my country. Alas! this hope, like every other which warmed my heart in life's spring, or kindled a glow in the ardent season of manhood, has faded away, and I am left alone — the last of my race — a wanderer amidst the deserted halls of my fathers, to sigh at the remembrance of past happiness and mourn over the blighted honors of my line.

Years have passed away since these melancholy events; yet remembrance haunts me still. Time passes on, and though he cannot

bring oblivion of my injuries and griefs, he has touched them with his wand, and softened the poignancy of my despair. Even at the first I sank not — my country called, and I was not deaf to her voice. Greece, bleeding and oppressed, cried aloud to her children to rescue her from slavery and slaughter. You know how long and arduous was the struggle. What have her champions gained by their blood? Their unexampled heroism and devotion? Rivalry, ambition, and civil intrigues mar its internal peace; whilst jealousy of each other has made its rulers become its tyrants.

You endeavor in your letters, my kind friend, to revive ambition in my soul, and give life a new impetus; and could I efface the lines from the tablets of my memory, it would make me proud of my country to hear one, whose mind is imbued with so vast a store of learning and philosophy, the wisdom of all ages, speak of it with such enthusiasm and veneration. But alas, it is ancient Greece you venerate; your enthusiasm is excited for those poets and philosophers, who gained for her the admiration, and made her the school of the world. It was these who obtained her sons the glory of becoming the masters of her victory! Such is the omnipotence of genius!

The conquerors of the world — those before whose august tribunal princes came from the farthest limits of the then known world, to adjust their differences, to solicit alliance, and claim protection — became themselves scholars and disciples, and stood in humble respect, as some indigent philosopher revealed to them the veiled lore of Pythagoras and Plato, the severe morality of Zeno. And what was their reward? Not alone the possession of that elevation of mind which the pursuit of wisdom, the practice of virtue ever gives; but they had the glory of rendering their fame, and the Roman name, more lasting than, by all the extent of their conquests, their colossal trophies of art, gigantic indications of their wealth and power. For that wisdom and knowledge, and those sublime precepts of virtue, which the Grecians had robed in garb as fanciful as their own brilliant imaginations, and emblematical, as veiling from the vulgar those philosophic truths the ignorant could not comprehend, the Romans transported to a region where reason reigned in august supremacy, robed them in the dignity of the Roman gown, and embodied in the majesty of the Latin tongue. It was from the various schools of Greece that Tully acquired that wisdom which has secured him the immortality he sought. It was the abstract love of virtue, the self-denial inculcated by Zeno, which we find inspiring the actions and guiding the pens of Cato and Brutus. It was the gentler, and not less elevated wisdom of the Academy, which we see reduced to practice in the lives of the elder and younger Pliny. It is the transfusion of these by Latin genius into the Latin tongue, which will make that language, with that of Greece, immortal

as genius ; and has made these two languages become the peculiar study of those, in every portion of the globe, who would quaff of the Hyperian spring, not in its turbid and shallow meanderings, but at its pellucid and unfathomable fount.

The son of a degenerate race ; born at a period when every patriot must blush to own the land of his birth ; beholding that beloved land, the dearer to my heart for its wrongs and its sufferings, alternately the spoil of foreign oppressors or the prey of her domestic tyrants ; seeing the path to honorable distinction closed to the virtuous, and office and power the reward of base sycophancy to the ambitious holder of present power ; or purchased by villany, by pandering to the bad passions of a debased and ignorant populace — you know how deeply I mourn its degradation. Wandering amidst the wrecks of its former glory, by dwelling continually on what it has been, I endeavor to forget what it is. Sometimes, when the blighted visions of my youth, honor and fame, conjured up by memory, cause my breast to glow, I wish myself the inhabitant of some other country, where talents and valor might open the path to glory ; of your country, whose sons seem imbued with the love of knowledge, perseverance in its attainment, and enthusiasm in its honor, which once characterized mine. But no ! Greece is still my country, and I love it even in its desolation. I love to imagine what it may become, should it ever be under the sway of an enlightened prince, who should be able to destroy the factions which now distract its peace ; and the vigorous administration of wise laws re-elevate the minds of his subjects, incite them to industry, and awaken such a commercial spirit, as shall furnish them with employment and ensure its reward — plenty and wealth. It was in the hope soon to see realized these dearly cherished projects for my country's good, that I accompanied my noble relative on his mission to Bavaria, which enabled me to renew my intimacy with you and revive the ardor of our friendship. Farewell.

LETTER 2.

Athens, 1835.

How encouraging are the hopes you hold out to me, my friend, my preceptor, my guide, in the pursuit of that knowledge which your affection led you to say was the only pursuit worthy of my genius and my talents. You found me brooding in melancholy despondency over the remembrance of past sorrows and the state of my country. My visit to Munich, and subsequent introduction to some of the most distinguished of your countrymen, by making me draw a comparison between the state of Greece and other countries, at present more fortunate though less favored by nature, who has showered here with a liberal hand all her most precious gifts, has made me feel that her con-

dition is irremediable ; and your enthusiasm and antiquarian researches respecting ancient Greece, have led me to a deeper study of the works of her sages, a more minute investigation of her history. From dwelling continually on the means of enabling her to resume her station among the nations of the world, by soliciting the aid of interested foreign powers, jealous of each other and foes to liberty, I have now learned to behold her as she is, and to know that her degradation has been not more owing to her long subjection and the cruel policy of her oppressors, than to the extinction of the glow of honour and the love of virtue in her sons, which characterized their ancestors. I endeavor, therefore, to close my ears to the hearing of her treasons and betrayals, I avoid the sight of her sorrows, and seek oblivion of the past and present, by absorbing my mind with those stores of learning which you first lured me to investigate. Wandering by the banks of the Illissus, or reposing from the ardent beams of the sun under the shade of the Acropolis, I have by turns investigated the ethics and philosophy inculcated in the Academy, the Lycæum, and the Portico ; and that energy and ambition which in happier times might have been exerted for the benefit and glory of my country, now repressed but not extinct, gives new impetus to the soarings of intellect.

Thus all the faculties of my soul are absorbed in the elucidation of those sublime theogonies, where science appeared concealed from the vulgar by a veil emblematical and allegorical, which to the eye of the initiated made her appear but the more lovely.

From the writings of the later Platonists I ascend to Plato himself, and find that he has but defined and extended that mystic theology which Pythagoras taught and Orpheus first brought to Greece. This theology, which had for its basis the intelligence, the spiritual wholeness of the deity, and the immortality of the soul, Orpheus learned of the Egyptians, the immediate source from which Greece acquired her arts, her learning, and the most sublime tenets of her religion.

But whence did Egypt derive her arts and civilization ? did these in their progress descend the Nile, and were the now burning plains of Ethiopia, as many have supposed, the nurse of that learning and science which Egypt transmitted to Europe ? Or was it under the genial skies, amid the spicy hills, the fertile plains of Asia, that man first asserted the dignity of his nature, and unfolded those intellectual powers which indicated the divinity of the soul by which he is animated ? Is it to farther India and China, now moving retrograde in the scale of civilization, that we must refer for the dawn of that mental light which has progressively illumined every portion of this continent, till we now behold its promising effulgence in the west ?

Since I have received a copy of your erudite work, I spend much of my time at Eleusis. Often in my boyhood did I wander amid these

scenes and ponder on the mysteries here revealed, which were considered by the wise and great so important, that the pious Antoninus, the wise Marcus Aurelius, the good and great Trajan, the philosopher Adrian, laid aside the imperial purple, and, clothed in the simple and snowy vestments, emblematical of that life of purity which they were required to enter upon before their initiation, bent their crowned brows before the lowly servants of the temple.*

But not alone did Rome's imperial lords solicit admission to the esoteric dogmas of the temple ; her master spirits, who have crowned her with an imperishable wreath of glory, were not less ambitious of such distinction, and from their writings we learn the importance they attached to the mysteries there unveiled.

These mystic rights and theories, once hidden with such solemn precaution from the crowd, are now revealed to the world by the learned researches of a few great minds that enthusiasm in the cause of science and of truth has led to pass their lives in the investigation ; whilst a few more years shall elapse, and not a marble will remain to indicate the site of this once sumptuous temple.

It was in the greater mysteries that the most sublime conceptions of the deity were revealed, at a time those were accused of atheism, and were persecuted like Socrates, who worshipped not those gods, and did not practise those superstitions which made the religion of the vulgar. It was here that polytheism was explained to the few to consist of the poetical personification of the attributes of nature united to the apotheosis of the benefactors of their country, a custom prevailing in Greece and Phœnecia, blended with the sublime astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians.

Orpheus describes "all things as originating from an immense principle, to which, through the imbecility and poverty of human conception, we give a name, though it is perfectly ineffable ; and in the reverential language of the Egyptians, is a *thrice unknown darkness*, in the contemplation of which all knowledge is refunded into ignorance." Plato, expounding this sublime conception, considers the highest God not the principle of beings, but the *principle of principles*. Pythagoras sent this first principle through the universe as the soul, the intelligence, made it the *spiro*, the breath of man, which, passing through successive changes, each one to purify it more from the contagion which it had received from its union with mundane and grosser material, was, when sufficiently purified, to ascend and again blend with the ineffable transcendency of the first cause ; which Plato describes as "being neither to be named, nor spoken of, nor conceived by opinion, nor be known or perceived by any being."

How must the human intellect be elevated and refined by such con-

* The priests refused Nero's initiation to the Mysteries because of his vices.

templation ! Well did these glorious philosophers assert that such contemplations, united to purity of life (and with any other they are incompatible), would elevate us to a communion with the Deity ; and this, though incomprehensible to the ignorant, was well known and understood by those disciples, whose knowledge and virtue had obtained their initiation into the greater mysteries of the esoteric doctrines.

Can there, my friend, be a study more ennobling to man than that of the nature and attributes of the all-pervading, all-essential intellect, from whom all things derive life, divine, intellectual, and physical. How sublime to trace the mundane, the physical universe up to its source by Pythagoras, who so sublimely demonstrated the *intellect*, the *one the good*. How consolatory to believe in the existence of a superior essential order of beings ; a race exempt from the frailties, the weaknesses of humanity ! filling with their all-eternal brightness and purity the regions of interminable space, that each one of yon starry host, now shining on me from its brilliant throne, and become the object of my meditation and delight, is rolled on its course by some spiritual and non-essential being, an emanation from the divine whole. Yes ! I love to believe, as I gaze on your bright mysteries, that that ray of the divine intelligence, which is o'erinforming my own soul, and gives it the power to contemplate ye, as forming links of the interminable chain, escaped from this mortal frame, which seems but to clog its soarings, shall mount amongst your order, and behold ye in your glory. Or, having passed through successive changes to purify it from all that is earthly, it may itself partake so much of the all-intelligential nature as wafted to a new sphere, be the spiritual and guiding power, that shall roll one of your beautiful orbs through the boundless regions, see revealed the secrets of new worlds, and be initiated in those mysteries which even the genius of Pythagoras and Plato, with all their knowledge gained from the Egyptian priests, the seers of Chaldea, and the Persian and Indian magi, could not penetrate.

But whither does imagination lead me ? you will condemn me ; for yours is ever under the guidance of reason. Reprove me, then, but do not cease to bestow upon me your affection.

LETTER III.

Athens, 1835.

It was about an hour before sunset that I sought my favorite haunt among the ruins of Eleusis, where, shaded by the most superb indications of the intellect and the ingenuity of man, food is offered for the contemplation of his noblest powers ; whilst nature lies spread around, clothed in an eternal mantle of undying gorgeousness and sublimity. Here I bend on the page of ancient lore, or, raising my eyes, behold a

still more sublime page opened for my instruction. I took my usual seat on the fragments of a broken column. Simplicius was in my hand, open at that page which speaks of the difficulty of raising our thoughts to a conception of the nature and excellence of the unknown cause, the first principle of things. But the scene, the hour, disposed me more to meditation than to study; and I was soon lost in one of my visionary reveries, whilst my eye was abstractedly fixed on the sun, as in unclouded splendor he sank behind the distant hills; the deep blue of the distance receiving a rich purple hue stolen from the rosy tint in which he had robed the west, and which, falling on columns of Parian marble, seemed like the rosy tint of love mantling the cheek of beauty. On the opposite side, the lovely and memorable bay might be seen extended in the distance, reflecting on its glassy surface the light caique, the picturesque vessels with which it was studded.

Here I sat till evening was about to extend over earth her shadowing mantle. The moon, which had already risen in the east, now became obscured by dark clouds, from which the lightning shot in forked streaks and the thunder pealed in awful volumes. Roused from my abstraction, I gazed in admiration upon the scene. I had been peopling space with the purified spirits escaped from this dull sphere, had endued them with the power to soar, the eye to penetrate immensity. But now, amidst the play of the storm, the war of the elements, I felt the nothingness of existence, an humiliating sense of the insignificance of man! not an atom in the vast chain which links the universe, man! with whom all the elements are at strife, whom a breath destroys, and every object in nature seems as if created for his destruction, to level him with the dust.

The storm subsided, the clouds parted, rolling their dark masses to the distance, and the moon burst forth in her beauty; but my thoughts continued tinged with that sombre hue with which they had been impressed by the awful grandeur of the storm; and I thus gave vent to my feelings:—

Ye golden chain of philosophers,* who taught in your esoteric doctrines the immortality of the soul. Is truth embodied in your beautiful theory? If so, why sully her purity by dwelling on the grosser ties of earth? what boots the follies, the ambition, the vices of mankind? Conquest, wealth, fame, pleasure, glory, all that man estimates, what are ye but variations of the coil of earthliness and misery? Can life be a good? or is it not rather a probationary penance which keeps the divine and intellectual principle from its eternal heritage? Yet if such be but the beautiful embodying of genius; if man is indeed but clay; if intellect, depending upon the annual formation of this struc-

* Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato, have been so called by the modern Platonists.

ture, is unfolded as this frame becomes developed, and, dwindling in age, keeping pace with the animal body, becomes annihilated with death; oh! how still more foolish must it be to spend the short portion of consciousness which is our boon, in turmoil and in sorrow; by strife, ambition, and evil passions, marring not alone the happiness of those whose existence is co-existent with our own, but too often leaving a legacy of misery for countless sentient beings for many succeeding generations! The philosopher of the gardens was then the only one who inculcated true wisdom. Happiness, which can never be insured to ourselves by injustice to others, should then be the only end and aim of our actions; and when it can no longer be obtained, or not without causing pain to others, to resign with life the consciousness of misery.

At that moment the earth became suddenly darkened, as if in unison with my own sombre reflections; a cloud had obscured the face of the moon; I watched its progress, till I beheld the bright orb emerge in its splendor. When I again lowered my eyes, they fell on a form of light and shadowy brightness which stood before me; her figure, robed in floating vestments of radiant whiteness, was thrown into beautiful relief by a majestic pile of the ruined temple in deep shade. I gazed a few moments in awe and admiration, when, in a solemn, yet harmonious tone, the vision thus addressed me:—

“Mortal! what seekest thou? what is the aim thou proposest to thyself in thy abstruse studies, thy reveries upon the shadowy past, thy midnight musings?”

The voice ceased, as if awaiting a reply: after a moment's pause to recover my self-possession, I answered: “My pursuit is knowledge, my object is the attainment of wisdom.”

“And has peace of mind, has happiness been your companion?”

“Alas! no.”

“Mortal, thou strivest in vain to deceive thyself; by plunging with such ardor in the deceptive stream of past lore, you thought you should find it a Lethe which would drown the remembrance of the present. Disappointed ambition is the vulture which, like that of Prometheus, is preying upon your soul. It was this passion which gave birth to the dream of your youth—to link your name to glory with the ancient heroes of your country; this dream has faded away with the other illusions of youth. Experience has taught you that you could not become her deliverer from oppression, her restorer to greatness; but thou mightest have been her Cæsar. If thou couldst not preserve, thou mightest have destroyed, have been her Erostratus.”

“The spirits of the universe forbid,” I exclaimed, in a start of indignation; “immortalize my name by linking it with the name of my country, by steeping my hands in the blood of her children!”

"I expected thy indignation. You could not enjoy happiness whilst witnessing the sorrows of your country. You endeavored to find it by closing your ears to her cries. By losing the present in the past ; by plunging into the all absorbing study of the abstruse sciences, and in striving to pierce the impenetrable veil in which the immutable cause of all has shrouded the mysteries of the universe ; you believed yourself inspired by a love of wisdom, you would not own to yourself that you were seeking that happiness which private afflictions and disappointed ambition had blighted."

"Happiness," I exclaimed with a deep sigh, "I now know to be an unattainable good ; even wisdom, so rarely beheld by mortals, sometimes rewards with her presence the steady pursuit of man ; but happiness, so often within his view, for ever eludes his grasp."

"Such a confession," said the vision in a severer tone, "is a proof that the path you sought in the attainment was a delusive one. If in your search for knowledge, your pursuit of wisdom, you found not that placid peace of mind which is happiness in her present form, you have been mocked by illusive phantoms. You have spent the morning and the midnight hour in imbibing the lore of the Samian and Thracian sages ; but in unveiling their mystic theogonies, have you studied their precepts ? have you imitated them in their lives ? or have you not, by withdrawing from the world and evading the performance of those social duties, from the fulfilment of which no member of the social family can be exonerated, acted in direct opposition to their precepts and their glorious examples ? 'The Samian philosopher passed his youth and prime in study and abstract meditation, but he journeyed through various climes, wisdom his pursuit, and what his aim ! to enlighten with his wisdom his country and the world. And as that God whose intelligential and non-essential nature he first revealed to mankind, by the physical light of the sun illumines all the world, so he spread an intellectual light scarcely less effulgent and all-pervading."

"Thy country no longer offers a field for the exercise of thy valor and skill in arms — no sphere for thy philanthropy. Oh ! where there is so much wrong, so much more need is there of the humanity of the wise and good to ameliorate it. Shall the wounds of the serf remain unbound because the scientific surgeon will exercise his skill only on princes and heroes ? In promoting the happiness of others, thou must alone seek to secure thine own. In seeking to benefit thy fellow creatures, thou wilt have need to exercise the most exalted virtues ; to bear calumny and misrepresentation with dignity, ingratitude with patience, persecution with firmness ; and should, perchance, fame and honor attend thee, to bear them with meekness and humility. It is only in the practice of these virtues that thou canst fortify thy mind

against the pressure of calamity, against the ills incidental to humanity.

"Wisdom is but the deducing right conclusions from an extensive knowledge of the inanimate world and of the human world; which gives its possessor power for a more exalted performance of the claims which society have upon him, and a more enlarged fulfilment of the duties of life."

"Happiness then can only be attained through the path of utility: open this path to my pursuit."

"Experience alone can open it to thee. Continue thy zeal to attain knowledge, to acquire wisdom. There are many who have done injury to society though seeking in sincerity and truth to do good.— Why? because they have taken upon themselves the part of the master, the instructor; when tyros in knowledge, they should have been studying its first principles. The ancients considered that only as wisdom which had been acquired by a life of experience; they revered her presence under the silver locks and venerable form of age. In modern times men believe they hear her voice from the beardless youth, whose whole life has been insufficient to gain that first step to her temple, the knowledge of self. Wisdom, therefore, has retired from the world where her presence was so little valued, and crude theory, pert conceit, and superficial pretension have usurped her place."

"Oh! my guardian genius," I exclaimed, "you have shown me what is true wisdom, guide me into its attainments; you have witnessed my longings after happiness, teach me how to benefit my fellow creatures, and thus I will seek to find it."

"To benefit mankind is to tear from their eyes the bandage of ignorance; but ignorant thyself, how canst thou do this? Cease to dwell on those impenetrable mysteries which the all-wise hath shrouded from the eye of man. With your eyes constantly fixed on heaven, ye must stumble upon earth; whilst those who never raise theirs from the earth behold not the most glorious objects of the universe spread for their study and instruction. Imitate in thy life, therefore, those whose philosophic speculations have been so long the subject of your research. Extending their views beyond the petty boundaries of states, they saw they could not benefit their compatriots without benefitting mankind. Where learning was to be acquired, there they journeyed — where wisdom was to be found, there they sojourned. And all those, of whatever clime, who sought her for herself alone, became their brethren.

"So do thou. Visit the various nations of the world, and store thy mind with all that thou findest of good: so alone canst thou rise superior to narrow prejudices. By beholding the political and social evils which derogate from the greatness and mar the happiness of fo-

reign nations, thou wilt learn the policy and laws most befitting thine own ; whilst a communion with those of other countries, distinguished for their mental endowments and virtue, will call forth the nobler qualities of thine own heart, and warm its sympathies into a more sublime philanthropy.

Mankind must be your study, not the inhabitants of a narrow district or petty town, but nations, existing under different political, religious, and social institutions. It is on this earth that ye are placed for a period (brief I allow, not a speck on the career of time) yet long to the finite capacities of mortals, sufficient for the attainment of much virtue, the performance of great good. And oh ! how much too long, if submitting to the sway of evil passions, man exerts these for the injury of his fellow man, mars the peace of civil society, and wars against human happiness."

"And does wisdom condemn that soaring of mind, by which, turning from those evils we cannot redress, and from a communion with those whose worldly and ignoble pursuits blunt every finer emotion of the soul, we would mount through science to a brighter sphere, enjoy a purer existence in the contemplation of the universe, or feel the soul elevated by a belief that its intelligence is an emanation from the divinity ? A ray of the intellect which animated the glorious dead glows in the minds of those endued with genius in the present age, and will kindle the souls of the wise and great through ages yet to come. Oh ! is it wrong to muse on the probable destiny of that being whose former existence was animated by the same intellectual ray which now gives me the power to ponder on its essence and its attributes ?"

"Thou wouldst know how far the doctrine of the transfusion of the divine essence through successive forms is consistent with immutable truth ? Know, there is an ethereal, an eternal spirit, the soul of the universe pervading all space : and peculiarly attracted by particular combinations of matter, it forms in man that thinking and reasoning principle generally denominated the soul. This, when once raised by study and contemplation, by subduing of the grosser, and kindling of the finer attributes of man to the most exalted state that its union with mortality will admit, never becomes subjugated by a grosser combination of matter. Learn, then, that thy spirit has animated a succession of beings of high order, some known, some unknown to fame, since its first emanation from the divine intelligence in the younger Pliny. Show thyself worthy thy immortal heritage, and as his soul revives in thee, derogate not from its purity, its virtue, its high attainments."

As the vision spoke, all my past existence seemed to fade into indistinctness ; the space which had elapsed from Pliny's era to my own appeared annihilated in a moment. I breathed new energy of

mind and frame. Roman philosopher! that is lover of wisdom — glorious appellation! All the fanciful reveries which had hitherto been to me existence faded away. I was a Roman — a name synonymous with reason, with intellectual power in its highest force and beauty."

"Oh, my tutelary genius!" I exclaimed; "continue to me thy instruction, for so alone shall I be able to render myself not unworthy of the glorious boon thou hast bestowed upon me. Thou hast endowed me with a Roman soul; but love for, and pride in their country was the predominant feeling of the Roman breast. Let me inhabit some country where I need not blush to hear its name."

"And on what country would thy choice rest?" continued the vision, "where learning and science attended by the arts and refinement have made the earth a paradise, maladministration has weakened, if not exhausted, the sources of the country, and produced a premature national decay. Whilst in those nations which are still in their infancy, man but semi-civilized, offers not that kindredship of feeling to the intellectual and refined which gives the social intercourse its grace and charm. Visit, the most celebrated nations, and shouldst thou in thy journeyings behold one where all thy dreams of great and good are realized, rest there, and cease thy wanderings."

As she pronounced these words, the inessential form faded away. The moon, just verging on the western horizon, was hastening, in the beautiful allegory of the poets, to descend from her starry throne, to range the mountains with her loved Endymion. Darkness was preparing to draw his curtain over the world; and the majestic ruins of the temple, amongst which I reposed, were already shrouded in indistinctness. Farewell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POET'S SOLACE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOERNER.

WHEN I am dead — no love may shower
The tender tear-drops on my grave;
Yet shall the kindly evening flower
With its mild dew my pillow lave.

Though near the spot where I'm reclining
No traveller linger as he goes;
Yet shall the moon in heaven shining
Gaze calmly on my night's repose.

In these green meadows where I rove,
By man I may forgotten be;
Yet the blue sky and silent grove
For ever shall remember me!

GREENOUGH;

THE SCULPTOR.

ON one of the last afternoons preceding my embarkation, I had sat a long hour opposite a striking, though by no means faithful, portrait of Greenough, while one of the fairest of his kindred spoke fondly of him, and charged me with many a message of love for the gifted absentee. On a table beneath the picture stood one of the earliest products of his chisel. I glanced from the countenance of the young sculptor, to the evidence of his dawning genius; I listened to the story of his exile; and thenceforth he was enshrined high and brightly among the ideals of my heart. With rapid steps, therefore, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow thoroughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside till, from the top of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicile of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects around failed to inspire. There was something intensely interesting in the idea of visiting the isolated sanctum of a votary of sculpture to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere entering a side door, I found myself in the presence of the artist. He was seated beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining apartment was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child — the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful and delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. One by one I recognized the various plaster casts about the room — mementos of his former labors. My eye fell on a bust which awakened sea-pictures — the spars of an elegant craft, the lofty figure of a boatswain, the dignified bearing of a mysterious pilot. It was the physiognomy of Cooper. And yon original, arch looking gentleman? Ah! that can be no other than Francis Alexander. Surely those Adonis-like ringlets, so daintily carved, belong to one whom it is most pleasing to remember as the writer of some exquisite verses under the signature of Roy. No one can mistake the benevolent features of Lafayette, or the expressive image of the noble pilgrim-bard; or fail to linger in the corridor, over the embodiment of one of his fairest creations — the figure

of the dead Medora. In other studios of the land I beheld a more numerous and imposing array ; but in none could I discover more of that individuality of design and execution which characterizes native intellectual results.

Coleridge's favorite prescription for youthful atheism was *love* ; on the same principle would we commend to the *admiration* of the scoffer at a spiritual philosophy, the unwavering and martyr-like progress of genius toward its legitimate end. In this characteristic, the course of all gifted beings agree. They have a mission to fulfil ; and lured betimes, as they may be, by the flowers of the way side, and baffled awhile, as is the destiny of man, by vicissitude — from first to last the native impulse, the true direction, is every where discernible. In the case of Greenough, this definiteness of aim, this solemnity of determination, if we may so call it, is beautifully evident. The wagon carriages he wrought in the intervals of school discipline, the wooden cimeters he carved for his playfellows, and his chalk statue of William Penn — the first absolute development of his taste — these efforts will serve as the "early indications" to which biographers are so partial. Often did he pay the penalty of tardiness, by lingering to gaze at a wooden eagle which surmounted the gateway of an old edifice he daily passed — thinking, as he told me, *how beautiful it must be to carve such an one*. But it was not until boyhood was merged in youth, that the deep purpose of heart distinctly presented itself. Happy was it that, at this critical moment, an intellectual benefactor stood by to encourage and direct the youthful aspirant. Thrice happy for Greenough, that one equal to the appreciation of his mind, and able auspiciously to sway its energies, proved his friend. Such a mentor he found in Washington Allston. And, in this connection, we cannot forbear hazarding the inquiry — Why has not the liberal discernment of our community, ere this, given this distinguished artist the power of dispensing similar benefits to others who might equally reward and honor the obligation ? Will it not, at some future day, be considered one of the anomalies of the times, that a highly gifted proficient in the philosophy of art was suffered to live, in comparative obscurity, within hail of our richly endowed University, without that institution being favored with the results of his mind on this ennobling subject ?

When Greenough arrived in Genoa he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue, more perfect than he had ever beheld, met his eye. With wonder he saw hundreds pass it by, without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thoughts was suggested. "What !" he soliloquised, "are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues that even this fails to excite their passing notice ? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish

ought worthy of the art!" He was deeply moved, as the distance between him and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach, widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears. "O, genius!" I musingly exclaimed, as I went forth with this anecdote fresh from his lips, "how mysterious thou art! And yet how identical are the characteristics of thy children! Susceptible and self-distrusting, and yet vividly conscious of high endowments — mighty to execute and quick to feel — pressing on amid the winning voices of human allurements, or the wailing cry of human weakness and want — as pilgrims bent on an errand of more than earthly import — ever pilgrims through a night of dimness and trial, and yet ever beholding *the star*, hearing the angel-choir, and hastening *on* to worship!"

On one of the most delicious evenings of my sojourn, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a pretty edifice, which had formerly been used as a chapel; and from its commodious size and retired situation, seemed admirably adapted to his purpose. The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the house was invaded only by distant rural sounds and the rustling of the nearest foliage in the new-born breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and beautiful retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task; — that when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the luxurious air, and look up to the deep green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain breeze, and find refreshment; — that when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze toward the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art wrought out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them; that when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eye to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled.

Thus musing, I perused the thoughtful countenance of the sculptor, and fancied the tenor of his reflections as he stood thus on the appointed scene of his labors. Men conscious merely of ordinary, or selfish motives can enter upon any undertaking with thoughtless alacrity; but when a human being is about to put forth his strength for posterity — to embody an idea, sentiment, or theory, dear to man — whether it be in the flexible frame-work of language, or the glowing delineation of the pencil, or whether he

"fix thought, heart, soul, mind,
To burn, to shine through the pale marble veins,"

he must be conscious, if in anywise worthy of his vocation, of profound solicitude as well as high and hopeful aspirations. Such contending emotions I imagined were then at work in the generous bosom of my friend, and ardently did I hope for the triumph of the latter. May sculpture smile upon her devotee of the new world! may the benignant countenance of Washington beam with life-like vividness in the visions of the artist, and his image emerge nobly from its marble sleep, unspotted by any envious stain! firm be the hand, and clear the spirit of the sculptor, till his great work be completed; and long may it stand, a proud monument to his genius.

H. T. T.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

—— "from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms." THOMPSON.

The ocean stood like crystal. The soft air
Stirred not the glassy waves, but sweetly there
Had rocked itself to slumber. The blue sky
Leaned silently above, and all its high
And azure-circled roof, beneath the wave
Was imaged back, and seemed the deep to pave
With its transparent beauty. While between
The waves and sky, a few white clouds were seen
Floating upon their wings of feathery gold
As if they knew some charm the universe enrolled.

A holy stillness came, while in the ray
Of heaven's soft light, a delicate foam-wreath lay
Like silver on the sea. Look! look! why shine
Those floating bubbles with such light divine?
They break, and from their mist a lily form
Rises from out the wave, in beauty warm.
The wave is by the blue-veined feet scarce prest,
Her silky ringlets float about her breast
Veiling its fairy loveliness. While her eye
Is soft and deep as the blue heaven is high,
The Beautiful is born, and sea and earth
May well revere the hour of that mysterious birth.

R. C. W.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

A TALE OF DIABLERIE, BY WILLIAM HAUFF. POEM BY FREDERIC KIND.

UNDER this head it is our intention to present occasional specimens of German literature, both in prose and poetry. In so doing, we shall have to pay a little regard to the chronological order, or the rank of the authors from whom we make our extracts; as our object is not at present to enter on a history of German literature, but merely to introduce to our readers the names and works of some writers who are wholly unknown to the great mass of the American public. Of Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, and Wieland, a partial, though imperfect idea may be formed from the translations already made from their most celebrated works. These we shall consequently leave in the hands of their present translators. But there are a thousand tales, sketches, stories, songs, and ballads, which to our knowledge at least, have never appeared in an English dress, and yet have novelty enough, if no other merit, to render them worth listening to. These it shall be our care to preserve, as they are met with in the course of our reading, and transplant into our pages.

The author whose name first appears at the head of this article, William Hauff, has not attained, nor does he deserve, the wide-spread reputation which the leading classics of Germany enjoy. Still he merits notice, as one of the most popular of her modern writers, and as one whom an early death alone prevented from reaching a much higher rank than he at present occupies. His writings are mostly of that light and temporary character to which our modern taste is too exclusively addicted, such as novels, tales, &c. The best of these are satirical imitations of the German Rosa Matilda and Della Crusca school of Romance. His best work, however, is "Selections from Satan's Memoirs;" a tale full of stirring incident and keen satire on the vices and follies of the day. The scene we now translate is only a short episode. / The distinguished personage whose adventures form the subject of the work, does not figure in it under his own name; nor does he appear in the gala suit of tail, horns, and cloven foot with which he graces the revels on the Blocksberg, thinking with Shakspeare, that

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

He borrows for the nonce a tall, shapely, gentlemanly figure, surmount-

ed by delicate, fastidious, aristocratic features, dresses well, is curious in his rings and linen, travels post, and in this guise is set down at the best hotel in Frankfort, where a party of ladies and gentlemen, and among them our author, are staying at the time. His *nom de voyage* is Mr. Von Natas, (which, it will be noticed, is his more familiar name read backwards.) Here his brilliant powers of conversation, his adroit flattery, courteous gallantry, and eloquent though wayward flights of imagination, soon render him the delight of the whole table d' hôte. Here we must let our author tell his story in his own words :

In this way the jovial stranger had kept myself, and twelve or fifteen other gentlemen and ladies (our fellow guests,) in a perpetual whirl of delight. Scarcely any had any special business to detain them at the hotel, and yet none ventured to entertain the mere idea of departure, even at a distant day. On the other hand, after we had slept for some time late on mornings, sat long at dinner, sung and played long of evenings, and drank, chatted, and laughed long of nights, the magic tie which bound us to this hotel seemed to have woven new chains around us.

This intoxication, however, was soon to be put an end to, perhaps for our good. On the seventh day of our rejoicings, a Sunday, our friend Von Natas was not to be found any where. The waiters gave as his apology a short journey ; he could not return before sunset, but would certainly be in time for tea and supper.

The enjoyment of his society had already become such a necessity, that this piece of information made us helpless and ill at ease.

The conversation turned naturally on our absent friend and his striking, brilliant apparition among us. It was strange, but I could not get it out of my head that I had already met with him in my walk through life, but in a different shape ; and, absurd as the idea was, it still forced itself irresistibly on my mind once and again. I called to mind from years long gone by, the recollection of a man who in his whole demeanor, but more especially in his glance, had the greatest resemblance to him. The one of whom I now speak was a foreign physician, who occasionally visited my native town, and there lived at first in great retirement, though he soon found a crowd of worshippers collected around him. The thought of this man was always a melancholy one, for it was asserted that some serious misfortune always followed his visits ; still I could not shake off the idea that Natas resembled him strikingly, in fact that he was one and the same person.

I mentioned to my next neighbor at table the idea that incessantly haunted me, and how unpleasant it was to identify so horrible a being as the stranger who had so afflicted my native city, with our mutual friend who had so fully gained my esteem and affection ; but it will

seem still more incredible when I assure my readers that all my neighbors were full of precisely the same idea, and that all fancied they had seen our agreeable companion in some entirely different shape.

"You are enough to make one downright melancholy," said the Baroness of Thingen, who sat near me; "you make our friend Natas out to be the wandering Jew, or God knows what more!"

A little old man, a professor in Tibsingen, who had joined our circle some days before, and passed his time in quiet, silent enjoyment, enlivened by an occasional deep conference with the Rheinwein, had kept smiling to himself during what he called our "comparative anatomy," and twirling his huge snuff-box between his fingers with such skilful rapidity, that it revolved like a coach-wheel.

"I cannot longer refrain from a remark I wished to make," exclaimed he at last. "Under your favor, gracious lady, I do not look upon him as being precisely the wandering Jew, but still as being a very strange mortal. As long as he was present, the thought would, it is true, now and then flash up in my mind, 'You have seen this man before, but pray where was it?' but these recollections were driven away as if by magic whenever he fastened upon me those dark wandering eyes of his."

"So was it with me—and with me—and with me," exclaimed we all in astonishment.

"Hem! hem!" smiled the professor. "Even now the scales seem to fall from my eyes, and I see that he is the very same person I saw in Stuttgard twelve years ago."

"What, you have seen him then, and in what circumstances?" asked lady Von Thingen eagerly, and almost blushed at the eagerness she displayed.

The Professor took a pinch of snuff, shook the superfluous grains off his waistcoat, and answered — "It may be now about twelve years since I was forced by a lawsuit to spend some months in Stuttgard. I lived at one of the best hotels, and generally dined with a large company at the Table d'hôte. Once upon a time I made my first appearance at table after a lapse of several days, during which I had been forced to keep my room. The company were talking very eagerly about a certain Signor Barighi, who for some time past had been delighting the other visitors with his lively wit, and his fluency in all languages. All were unanimous in his praise, but they could not exactly agree as to his occupation; some making him out a diplomatist, others a teacher of languages, a third party a distinguished political exile, and a fourth a spy of the police. The door opened, all seemed silent, even confused, at having carried on the dispute in so loud a tone; I judged that the person spoken of must be among us, and saw —"

“Who pray?”

“Under favor, the same person who has amused us so agreeably for some days past. There was nothing supernatural in this to be sure, but listen a moment; for two days Signor Barighi, as the stranger was called, had given a new relish to our meals by his brilliant conversation, when mine host interrupted us suddenly — ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘prepare yourself for an unique entertainment which will be provided for you to-morrow.’”

We asked what this meant, and a grey headed captain, who had presided at the hotel table many years, informed us of the joke as follows — “Exactly opposite this dining-room, an old bachelor lives, solitary and alone, in a large deserted house; he is a retired Counsellor of State — lives on a handsome premium, and has an enormous fortune besides. He is, however, a downright fool, and has some of the strangest peculiarities; thus, for instance, he often gives himself entertainments on a scale of extravagant luxury. He orders covers for twelve, from the hotel, he has excellent wines in his cellar, and one or the other of our waiters has the honor to attend table. You think, perhaps, that at these feasts he feeds the hungry, and gives drink to the thirsty — no such thing; on the chairs lie old yellow leaves of parchment, from the family record, and the old hunk is as jovial as if he had the merriest set of fellows around him; he talks and laughs with them, and the whole thing is said to be so fearful to look upon, that the youngest waiters are always sent over, for whoever has been to one such supper will enter the deserted house no more.

“The day before yesterday he had a supper, and our new waiter, Frank, there, calls heaven and earth to witness that nobody shall ever induce him to go there a second time. The next day after the entertainment comes the Counsellor’s second freak. Early in the morning he leaves the city, and comes back the morning after; not, however, to his own house, which during this time is fast locked and bolted, but into this hotel. Here he treats people he has been in the habit of seeing for a whole year, as strangers; dines, and afterwards places himself at one of the windows, and examines his own house across the way from top to bottom.

“‘Who does that house opposite belong to?’ he then asks the host.

“The other regularly bows and answers, ‘It belongs to the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer, at your Exc’y’s service.’”

But, Professor, here observed I, what has this silly Hasentreffer of yours to do with our Natas?

A moment’s patience, Doctor, answered the Professor, the light will soon break in upon you. Hasentreffer then examines the house, and learns that it belongs to Hasentreffer. “Oh, what!” he asks, “the same that was a student with me at Tisbingen — then throws

open the window, stretches his powdered head out, and calls out — *Ha-asentreffer — Ha-asentreffer!*”

Of course no one answers, but he remarks: “The old fellow would never forgive me if I was not to look in on him for a moment,” then takes up his hat and cane, unlocks his own house, goes in, and all goes on after as before.

“All of us,” the Professor proceeded in his story, “were greatly astonished at this singular story, and highly delighted at the idea of the next day’s merriment. Signor Barighi, however, obliged us to promise that we would not betray him, as he said he was preparing a capital joke to play off on the Counsellor.

“We all met at the table d’hôte earlier than usual, and besieged the windows. An old tumble down carriage, drawn by two blind steeds, came crawling down the street; it stopped before the hotel. There’s *Hasentreffer*, there’s *Hasentreffer*, was echoed by every mouth; and we were filled with extravagant merriment when we saw the little man get out, neatly powdered, dressed in an iron grey surtout with a huge *meerschaum* in hand. An escort of at least ten servants followed him in, and in this guise he entered the dining-room.

“We sat down at once. I have seldom laughed as much as I did then; for the old chap insisted, with the greatest coolness, that he came direct from Carrel, and that he had six days before been extremely well entertained at the Swan Inn at Frankfort. Barighi must have disappeared before the desert, for when the Counsellor left the table, and the other guests, full of curiosity, imitated his example, Barighi was no where to be seen.

“The Counsellor took his seat at the window; we all followed his example and watched his movements. The house opposite seemed desolate and uninhabited. Grass grew on the threshold, the shutters were closed, and on some of them birds seemed to have built their nests.

“‘A fine house that, opposite,’ said the old man to our host, who kept standing behind him in the third position. ‘Who does it belong to?’

“‘To the Counsellor of State, *Hasentreffer*, at your Excellency’s service.’

“‘Ah, indeed! that must be the same one that was a fellow-student with me,’ exclaimed he; ‘he would never forgive me if I was not to inform him that I was here.’ He opened the window, — ‘*Ha-asentreffer — Hasentreffer!*’ cried he, in a hoarse voice. But who can paint our terror, when opposite, in the empty house, which we knew was firmly locked and bolted, a window-shutter was slowly raised, a window opened, and out of it peered the Counsellor of State, *Hasentreffer*, in his chintz morning-gown and white nightcap, under which a

few thin grey locks were visible; this, this exactly, was his usual morning costume. Down to the minutest wrinkle on the pallid visage, the figure across the street was precisely the same as the one that stood by our side. But a panic seized us, when the figure in the morning-gown called out across the street, in just the same hoarse voice, 'What do you want? who are you calling to, hey?'

"'Are you the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer?' said the one on our side of the way, pale as death, in a trembling voice, and quaking as he leaned against the window for support.

"'I'm the man,' squeaked the other, and nodded his head in a friendly way; 'have you any commands for me?'

"'But I'm the man too,' said our friend mournfully, 'how can it be possible?'

"'You are mistaken, my dear friend,' answered he across the way, 'you are the thirteenth, be good enough just to step across the street to my house, and let me twist your neck for you; it is by no means painful.

"'Waiter! my hat and stick,' said the Counsellor, pale as death, and his voice escaped in mournful tones from his hollow chest. 'The devil is in my house and seeks my soul; a pleasant evening to you, gentlemen,' added he, turning to us with a polite bow, and thereupon left the room.

"'What does this mean?'" we asked each other; "are we all beside ourselves?"

The gentleman in the morning-gown kept looking quietly out of the window, while our good silly old friend crossed the street at his usual formal pace. At the front-door, he pulled a huge bunch of keys out of his pocket, unlocked the heavy creaking door — he of the morning-gown looking carelessly on, and walked in.

The latter now withdrew from the window, and we saw him go forward to meet our acquaintance at the room-door.

Our host and the ten waiters were all pale with fear, and trembled. "Gentlemen," said the former, "God pity poor Hasentreffer, for one of those two must be the devil in human shape." We laughed at our host, and tried to persuade ourselves that it was a joke of Barighi's; but our host assured us that no one could have obtained access to the house except he was in possession of the Counsellor's very artificially contrived keys; also, that Barighi was seated at table not ten minutes before the prodigy happened; how then could he have disguised himself so completely in so short a time, even supposing him to have known how to unlock a strange house? He added, that the two were so fearfully like one another, that he who had lived in the neighborhood for twenty years could not distinguish the true one from

the counterfeit. "But, for God's sake, gentlemen, do you not hear the horrid shrieks opposite?"

We rushed to the window — terrible and fearful voices rang across from the empty house; we fancied we saw the old Counsellor pursued by his image in the morning-gown, hurry past the window repeatedly. On a sudden all was quiet.

We gazed on each other; the boldest among us proposed to cross over to the house — we all agreed to it. We crossed the street — the huge bell at the old man's door was rung thrice, but nothing could be heard in answer; we sent to the police and to a blacksmith's — the door was broken open, the whole tide of anxious visitors poured up the wide silent staircase — all the doors were fastened; at length one was opened, in a splendid apartment, the Counsellor, his iron-gray frock-coat torn to pieces, his neatly dressed hair in horrible disorder, lay dead, strangled, on the sofa.

Since that time no traces of Barighi have been found, neither in Stuttgart nor elsewhere.

LINES ON A SKULL DUG UP BY THE PLOUGH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH KIND.

I.

COULDEST thou not sleep upon thy mother's breast?
 Was't thou ere day dawned, wakened from thy slumbers?
 Did earth deny to thee the quiet rest
 She grants to all her children's countless numbers?
 In narrow bed they sleep away the hours
 Beneath the winter's frost, the summer's flowers;
 No shade protects thee from the sun's fierce glow,
 Thy only winding-sheet the pitying snow.

II.

How naked art thou! Pale is now that face
 Which once, no doubt, was blooming — deeply dinted,
 A gaping wound doth thy broad brow deface;
 Was't by the sword or careless plough imprinted?
 Where are the eyes whose glances once were lightning!
 No soul is in their hollow sockets brightening;
 Yet do they gaze on me, now fierce, now sad,
 As though I power o'er thy destiny had.

III.

I did not from thy gloomy mansion spurn thee
 To gaze upon the sun that gilds these fields;
 But on my pilgrim staff I lift and turn thee,
 And try if to my spells thy silence yields;

Wert thou my brother once — and did those glances
Respond to love's and friendship's soft advances?
Has then a spirit in this frame-work slept?
Say, hast thou loved and hated, smiled and wept?

IV.

What, silent still! — wilt thou make no disclosure?
Is the grave's sleep indeed so cool and still?
Say, dost thou suffer from this rude exposure?
Hast thou then lost all thought, emotion, will?
Or has thy soul, that once within thee centered,
On a new field of life and duty entered?
Do flesh and spirit still in thee entwine,
Dost thou still call this mouldering skull-bone *thine*?

V.

Who wert thou once? what brought thee to these regions,
The murderer or the murdered to be?
Wert thou enrolled in mercenary legions,
Or didst thou honor's banner follow free?
Didst thou desire to be enrolled in story,
Didst fight for freedom, peace, truth, gold, or glory?
The sword which here dropped from thy helpless hand,
Was it the scourge or guardian of the land?

VI.

Even yet, for thee, beyond yon dim blue mountains,
The tear may tremble in a mother's eye,
And as approaching death dries up life's fountains,
Thou to her thoughts and prayers mayest still be nigh;
Perhaps thy orphans still for thee are crying,
Perhaps thy friends for thy return are sighing,
And dream not, that upon this little hill
The dews of night upon thy skull distil.

VII.

Or wert thou one of the accursed banditti
Who wrought such outrage on fair Germany?
Who made the field a desert, fired the city,
Defiled the pure, and captive led the free?
Didst thou, in disposition fierce and hellish,
Thy span of life with deeds like these embellish?
Then — God of righteousness! to thee belongs,
Not unto us, to judge and right our wrongs.

VIII.

The sun already toward the west is tending,
His rays upon thy hollow temples strike;
Thou heed'st them not; heed'st not the rains, descending
On good and bad, just and unjust alike.
The mild, cool breeze of even is round me playing,
Sweet perfume from the woods and fields are straying;
Rich grain now waves where lances bristled then;
Thus do all things proclaim God's love to men.

IX.

Whoe'er thou wert, who by a fellow mortal
 Were hurried out of life; we are at peace;
 Thus I return thee to the grave's dark portal,
 Revenge and hatred on this spot should cease.
 Rest, where thy mouldering skeleton reposes,
 And may the perfume of the forest roses
 Waft thoughts of peace to every wanderer's breast!
 Thou restless one! return thee to thy rest.

A PLAN OF LIFE.

[The fate of the late Mrs. THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON, daughter of Col. *A. Burr*, has excited a deep interest in the public mind. From a variety of manuscripts, in her own hand-writing, now in my possession, I have selected the following scrap. If you think with me, that it is not unworthy a place in the American Monthly Magazine, you will be pleased to insert it in your next number. I transmit you a literal copy of what bears evident marks of being the original, and perhaps the only copy ever made. Those who had the happiness to know her, will acknowledge this effusion as descriptive of her feelings. — D.]

How charmingly does Rousseau describe his *maison champêtre*. How fascinating does he render a country life. Yet I differ from him. I would have a commodious house, surrounded by a large garden, in the midst of a considerable city. I should prefer to be wealthy, that abundance unstinted, comforts and elegancies, might surround me; — that I might frequently give agreeable parties, without long premeditation or studied preparations; — that my friends might be sometimes pleased with those trifling, but delicate proofs of attention which sweeten the intercourse of life; — that they might sometimes receive more useful marks of my attachment, if overtaken by the storms of adversity, and that I might relieve the sufferings of my fellow-creatures.

Nothing about me should be very costly. My expenses should be so regulated, that no article, by approaching the verge of my utmost income, should put it in the power of any one to distress me by a momentary accident. My furniture should never be rich: I would rather change it frequently, to preserve that air of freshness which so enlivens an apartment: and, distinguished rather by taste than fashion, my dress should be characterized in the same way. My parties should never be crowded or expensive. I should not care that any one on leaving my house burst forth in admiration of my ball-room

or my supper table ; but that all should say — “ I hope Mrs. A. will soon give us another party.” There should be but few servants in my house ; but high wages and some indulgences should procure the best.

I would have only a small library, consisting of a few favorite authors ; but by subscribing to the best public collections, secure a larger choice than any private fortune could aspire to ; and thus preserve myself from the chagrin incurred by the constant loss of lent books, or the ill-will which is produced by refusing them.

The whole morning should be devoted to domestic affairs — such as are incumbent on every woman to study, or to the intercourse of the heart in the exclusive society of those I love. At dinner, frequently a few friends ; — always room for one or two. In the evening my house should be open ; my musical visitors should find the best instruments, and all should share in good cheer without the appearance of exertion from any one. Frequent small select parties at supper would render my house attractive to the sprightly.

My father and my husband would be sought by men of literature and talents. To render my conversation worthy of them should be a part of the morning’s business ; and, though unable to strengthen or illuminate, I might chance sometimes to throw in an airy ornament, and hang now and then a wreath of violets in the temple of Minerva. Large assemblies I would never enter. The necessary preparations ; the loss of time so disproportionate to its object ; the bustle and the crowd, all render them detestable.

I would have, too, a small country residence — a cottage near a town, where every thing should be rustic. A wild exuberance of fruits and flowers ; multitudes of singing birds attracted by security ; a deep grove, where Æolian harps should sigh through the trees ; a bathing-house ; some books, musical instruments, and pure air should render my cottage delightful. I would sometimes retire to taste solitude. Thither my friends might ride with us, to partake of a rural meal distinguished by simplicity and ease — not prescribed to any particular place, in set regularity ; but in the dining or breakfast room ; the piazza, or on a rock overhanging a river, or among the old trees richly adorned with garlands exhaling perfumes.

My great rule should be never to aim at competition in things extrinsic and really trivial. I would seek the honey-cup, and let those who choose prefer the corolla.

ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

IN the history of our country every thing relating to the *earliest* inhabitants must be interesting, not only to the professed antiquary but to the general reader. There is much evidence to show, that the post-diluvian earth was originally but one continent—that this country, America, was peopled from CENTRAL ASIA, before the dismemberment of that single continent—that the people brought with them the manners, arts, and civilizations of Central Asia; perhaps the very manners, arts, arms, and modes of warfare described in the Homeric poems; and that, some time after America was separated from the other continent, immense hordes from the NORTH OF ASIA crossed Behring's Straits, and gradually took possession of the country.

Before these barbarian invaders the inhabitants retired south into Mexico, carrying with them the arts and civilization that afterward so astonished their more modern invaders from Spain.

It is a fact well known in history, that Cortes found in Mexico arms and utensils such as are known to have been used in Asia Minor, and such as have been found nowhere else. And the discoveries recently made at Palenqué and Vehmél, plainly point to Central Asia as the country of their origin.

That the Indians found here by the discoverers were not the original inhabitants, has, we believe, never been disputed; on the contrary, it has ever been acknowledged that there was a distinct race anterior to them. But whence came this race, whither they went, and what monuments they have left here, are questions that have afforded matter for much speculation. It has generally been believed that the mounds in the western country are the work of their hands, notwithstanding that some ingenious gentlemen have lately argued, *perhaps* to their *own* conviction, that the mounds are the direct work of nature, and raised by the action of water. But as to the mounds, we leave the question where we find it—the old race have left other monuments.

The Indians found here by the discoverers, in fact never pretended to be the *original* inhabitants; but had a tradition, that their forefathers came into the country across the sea—probably Behring's Straits—that they found the country inhabited—that with the inhabitants they waged a long war, and ultimately drove them south into the sea. Such was the tradition—the fact probably was, that the conquered people retired to Mexico.

The Mexicans also had a tradition strongly corroborative of this — that their forefathers lived at the north for many ages, and then gradually emigrated south.

These traditions alone, without any other evidence, afford ground for a strong presumption that the territory, now the United States, was inhabited by the race that afterwards peopled Mexico. But the evidence does not stop here; there are other facts that go far to reduce the presumption to a certainty.

The Mexicans worked the metals for various purposes of use and ornament; the Indians found here by the discoverers never used the metals in any way; but wood, stone, shells, &c. supplied them with weapons and ornaments. Hatchets, swords, and arrow-heads of *brass* have been found in various parts of the United States, many of them in good preservation. These, although rude in form and design, are yet skilfully made; but with that pains-taking and laborious skill that ever marked the infancy of the arts.

But it may be asked, why are not these relics more frequently discovered, if it be true that a whole nation, to whom the manufacture of them was known, were once transient dwellers in this land? We think the wonder should rather be, how many of them have been preserved. The preservation of the few that have been found must undoubtedly be ascribed to the nature of the soil at the time of their deposit. Since in some soils, and under some circumstances, they would be preserved by earthy particles, uniting themselves with the salts of the brass in the first stages of oxydation, and thus forming a sort of petrified incrustation that would prevent decay.

But a discussion of these theories is not intended, since it would necessarily involve speculations too prolix and discussive for the limits of this paper; the main object of which is, to give a description of what we consider the most interesting relic of antiquity ever discovered in North America — the remains of a human body, armed with a breast-plate, a species of mail and arrows of *brass*; which remains we suppose to have belonged either to one of the race who inhabited this country for a time *anterior* to the so called Aborigines, and afterwards settled in Mexico or Guatamala, or to one of the crew of some Phœnician vessel, that, blown out of her course, thus discovered the western world long before the Christian era.

These remains were found in the town of Fall River, in Bristol county, Massachusetts, about eighteen months since.

In digging down a hill near the village, a large mass of earth slid off, leaving in the bank, and partially uncovered, a human skull, which on examination was found to belong to a body buried in a sitting posture; the head being about one foot below what had been for many years the surface of the ground. The surrounding earth was

carefully removed, and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of coarse bark of a dark colour. Within this envelope were found the remains of another of coarse cloth, made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manilla coffee bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end and five at the lower. This plate appears to have been cast, and is from one eighth to three thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded, that whether or not any thing was engraved upon it has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form—the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion.

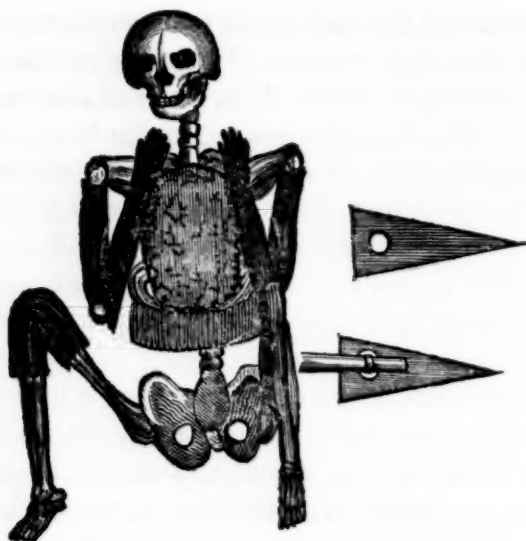
Below the breast-plate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and a half inches in length, and three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally and close together; the length of a tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass, cast upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. This belt was so placed as to protect the lower parts of the body below the breast-plate. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round hole cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood, and then tying it with a sinew through the round hole—a mode of constructing the weapon never practised by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell. Parts of the shaft still remain on some of them. When first discovered the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell in pieces when exposed to the air.

The skull is much decayed, but the teeth are sound, and apparently those of a young man. The pelvis is much decayed, and the smaller bones of the lower extremities are gone.

The integuments of the right knee, for four or five inches above and below, are in good preservation, apparently the size and shape of life, although quite black.

Considerable flesh is still preserved on the hands and arms, but none on the shoulders and elbows. On the back, under the belt, and for two inches above and below, the skin and flesh are in good preservation, and have the appearance of being tanned. The chest is much compressed, but the upper viscera are probably entire. The arms are bent up, not crossed; so that the hands turned inwards touch the shoulders. The stature is about five and a half feet. Much of the exterior envelope was decayed, and the inner one appeared to be preserved only where it had been in contact with the brass.

The following sketch will give our readers an idea of the posture of the figure and the position of the armor. When the remains were discovered the arms were brought rather closer to the body than in the engraving. The arrows were near the right knee.



The preservation of this body may be the result of some embalming process; and this hypothesis is strengthened by the fact, that the skin has the appearance of having been tanned; or it may be the accidental result of the action of the salts of the brass during oxydation; and this latter hypothesis is supported by the fact, that the skin and flesh have been preserved only where they have been in contact with, or quite near, the brass; or we may account for the preservation of the whole by supposing the presence of *saltpetre* in the soil at the time of the deposit. In either way, the preservation of the remains is fully accounted for, and upon known chemical principles.

That the body was not one of the Indians, we think needs no argument. We have seen some of the drawings taken from the sculptures found at Palenqué, and in those the figures are represented with breast-plates, although smaller than the plate found at Fall River. On the figures at Palenqué the bracelets and anklets appear to be of a manufacture precisely similar to the belt of tubes just described. These figures also have helmets precisely answering the description of the helmet of Homer's *μεγας κορυθαίολος Έκτωρ*.

If the body found at Fall River be one of the Asiatic race, who transiently settled in Central North America and afterward went to Mexico and founded those cities, in exploring the mines of which such astonishing discoveries have recently been made; then we may well suppose also that it is one of the race whose exploits with the *χαλκήρεα δοῦρα* have, although without a date and almost without a certain name, been immortalized by the Father of Poetry; and who probably, in still earlier times, constructed the *Cloacæ* under ancient Rome, which have been absurdly enough ascribed to one of the Tarquins, in whose time the whole population of Rome would have been insufficient for a work, that would, moreover, have been useless when

finished. Of this GREAT RACE, who founded cities and empires in their eastward march, and are finally lost in South America, the Romans seem to have had a glimmering tradition in the story of Evander.

But we rather incline to the belief that the remains found at Fall River belonged to one of the crew of a Phœnician vessel.

The spot where they were found is on the sea-coast, and in the immediate neighborhood of "Dighton Rock," famed for its hieroglyphic inscription, of which no sufficient explanation has yet been given; and near which rock brazen vessels have been found. If this latter hypothesis be adopted, a part of it is, that these mariners — the unwilling and unfortunate discoverers of a new world — lived some time after they landed; and having written their names, perhaps their epitaphs, upon the rock at Dighton, died, and were buried by the natives.

J. S.

TURKISH LADIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHIP AND SHORE."

THE ladies of Constantinople spend their Fridays, during the summer months, in a beautiful grove which stands on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus. As gentlemen are not allowed to be present on these occasions, I solicited the privilege of attending three of the fair ones, in the visible capacity of a servant: they consented, and in a costume of impenetrable disguise, I followed my queenly mistresses about, with as nice a docility of motion as ever a shadow followed its substance. We found the grove filled with picturesque groups, who had just alighted from the Araba and gilded barge; and a more gay, light-hearted assemblage than they presented, I have never met, in field or grove, by river, fount, or fell. They were chatting, laughing, sipping sherbet, casting their flowers and arch looks at each other; while the rallying pleasantry and repartee went back and forth, quick as the glance they kindled.

Here a group might be seen listening to some merry tale, and constantly breaking its slight thread by some pertinent, facetious, or totally disconnected thought. There a less gleeful circle, sprinkled with a touch of sentiment, might be seen beating time with their small taper fingers, to the soft air of a guitar in the hands of a young Circassian, and responding, in every look, to the light or troubled tone of the trembling string. Yonder another group might be seen, gathered around

one, their superior in years, who was telling to each her inevitable fate in the flowers she had brought. You might see the young enthusiast, as her happy destiny was declared from the symbolized oracles of the mystic leaf, look up as if this vision of future good were already within the ranging rapture of her eye. Sometimes the enchanted leaf spoke only of evil, misfortune, and sorrow; and then the gentle interpreter, touched with pity for the broken hopes of a heart yet so young and confiding, though unable to work back the spell or unwind the fearful thread, would yet extend her counsels into other leaves, till she detected some better promise, that would come up like a bright bow on the dark cloud. While in another circle still, one might be seen negligently permitting her unfolding caftain to display some costly and rare article of dress, which her innocent vanity could not conceal, — another discovering, as if by accident, her necklace, the richest gift in her marriage dower, — a third, with the same apparent absence of intention, revealing the sprig of diamonds that glowed on the glossy fulness of her hair, as it lay curled up over a brow unshadowed by years or care, — a fourth, without seeming to know it, affording to those around a curious glance at some slight *singularity* in the shape of her costume, and which she knows will apologise for its departure from the sanctions of long and fixed habit, by more fully betraying the soft outline of her rich form.

The amusements of a Turkish lady, though in themselves frivolous, are yet covered with a freshness of feeling that gives them an interest beyond the more studied pastimes of her sex: it is like childhood among its buds and flowers, before higher and less attainable objects have fevered the mind. She is sportive, but her sportiveness has *heart* in it — she is capricious, but her caprice is *dear* to her, at least for the time being — she is imaginative, but the visions that float through her mind cast their light or dark shadows upon the very current of her life. She connects a mystery, a meaning, and force, with the slightest incident that crosses her path, her feelings, or her fancy. Were a flower that she had nursed to droop untimely from its stem, she would see in its withered leaves the perished beauty of some fond hope; or were a bird to light at her lattice, and carrol one of its sweet and happy lays, she would hear in its music the whisper of some event that is to brighten over the flow of her coming years; or were a form of youth and manly grace to advance upon her dream, she would trace in this pleasing visitant the lineaments of one destined to bless her with his permanent love. All the delicate phenomena of mind, and all the slight variations of the changing year, have for her a significant language. The dream that soothes her pillow, the vision that breaks her rest, the streamlet that moves with its silver voice, the torrent that rushes with its shaking footstep, the spring, breaking the chain of

winter and summoning forth the diffident flowers, the autumn blighting their beauty and gathering them to the tomb, are all, to her, tokens and oracles — they are the interpreters of events that betide her future experience ; for her unlettered and unpretending philosophy ranges but little beyond the simple persuasion that coming events cast their shadows before.

These intimations all point to one object, and to the good or ill of which this object must be the source — this single, engrossing, and eventful object is Love ; aside from this she has no solicitude, no fears ; beyond she has nothing to anticipate ; and short of it, there is nothing to desire. It is to her the sole charm that makes the earth lovely, that lends music to its thousand voices, and fills the face of nature with light. Break this single spell, and her existence becomes a blank ! It is no wonder, therefore, with these sentiments, that she should train herself to the caprices of her idol, that she should mould herself to the very shape of the passion existing there ; and that this devotedness, so earnest and entire, should at length render her own heart as vivid and ardent as the object of her worship. The mirror, held to the sun, collects not only its light, but its heat. In all the perplexities and promises of this devotion, in which her heart trembles like a star betwixt night and day, she has essentially no teachings but those of nature. She has no philosophical analysis of the sentiment she must awaken, no practical exposition of the means she must employ ; she has never, perhaps, once read the early history of an attachment, or pondered for a moment the circumstances that gave it maturity and strength : she is left entirely to the instincts of her untutored heart ; she obeys each impulse from within ; if these bear her wrongly, she casts the failure upon her destiny, and reconciles herself to the calamity because it is inevitable.

The seclusion to which the habits of her nation consign her, deprive her of all those opportunities through which, in other lands, youth and beauty obtain their triumphs. She never openly encounters the face of the *one* upon whom her fancy or affections may have fixed ; she never meets him at rout, or ball, or masquerade ; she never breaks upon his presence in the frequented way, or timidly crosses his solitary path ; she may never exchange a word, a glance, or smile, with him, at the hearth of her father ; she may not even betray her feelings through the attentions of a younger sister ; nor once touch the harp to those notes upon which affection would linger — and prolonging — linger still : yet she will not despair ; the rose which she entrusted to a confidential hand may perchance reach his breast ; the rich face and overpowering eye, which she stealthfully unveiled at her lattice as he passed, may have sunk into his heart. If she wins the object of her credulous regard, and can succeed in confining his ranging de-

sires to herself, she repays his fidelity by a devotedness the most intense and entire — a devotedness which station cannot dazzle, or poverty chill, or rival undermine — a devotedness which lives on through all changes, and is still green and fresh amid the frosts of years.

If she becomes a mother, her offspring engrosses her solicitude from its birth. She nourishes it at her own breast — lulls it to sleep with her own sweet voice — bends fondly over its cradled rest — suppresses the pulsations of her own heart, to listen again and ascertain if its breathings be clear — and when it wakes, *hers* is the first face that its young eyes meet. She watches in it each intimation of dawning intelligence — garners up in her very soul each tender growth of thought — exults as she views it catching a knowledge of objects around — and when it stretches to her its little arms, and smiles up into her face its look of infant love, she clasps it to her breast with that yearning ecstasy which only a mother can feel. If a change betide its playful spirit — if sickness comes — she is near to watch its first tokens of approach — to ward off or allay the weight of its visitation; she trusts this difficult and delicate office to the fidelity of no one — she pours the simple cordial, or applies the soothing application, with her own hands — unremits her assiduities through the wearisome day, and continues her anxious vigil through the long night; the color may fade from her cheek, her spirits droop, and her strength fail amid these watchings; but she still clings to the side of her stricken child, forgetting her own life in her tender solicitude for that of one to whom her maternal anguish has but just given existence.

If the dread event which her fears foreboded, finally steals on apace, and the pulsations, scarcely perceptible now, become still fainter and fewer, and the mortal change spreads itself so coldly over that once sweet face; she presses again its unbreathing lips — doubts for a moment if it be death — and then yields to her bursting, irrepressible grief! Her child is borne by friendly hands to its short and slight grave in the cypress grove; she soon follows, in loneliness, to linger near it — to think over what it was — what it might have been to her — and to weep. She plants the aromatic shrub, with the earliest and latest flowers of the year, about its rest; and by the gifts which she brings, tempts the birds to hover there, and lighten with their song its lonely sleep. O! tell me not of that mother, Christian though she may call herself, who is a stranger to these feelings — who can read her bible, hear its lessons of maternal obligation, and then abandon her helpless infant to the care of one who has no interest in it if it lives, and no grief for it if it dies. Give me rather the simple, the uneducated wife of the Osmanlee, who at least has this virtue, — she nurses and rears her own offspring; she will not desert it from any suggestions of pride, personal ease, or selfish gratification; and the son, whom she thus

rears into youth and manly promise, repays her solicitude and care in the depth and fidelity of his filial affection. He can never be happy while she is wretched; he can never smile and she be in tears: and if misfortune comes upon his father's house, he places her, so far as it may be in his power, above the reach of its evils. He becomes to her what she has been to him, a kind, assiduous, and devoted guardian; and when she is called to pay the debt of nature, and his willing offices can go no further, though forbid by his stern creed to wear the demonstrations of woe, yet there is a grief in his heart which all the sable symbols of sorrow can never express. Ah! the human heart will always leap kindly back to kindness.

This affection for his mother is a most amiable and redeeming trait in the character of the Moslem, and it the more surprises us that a plant of so much sweetness and beauty should be found in such an ungenial and unfavored soil. It might be expected where the Sun of Righteousness had cast his benign beams; we might justly be shocked not to find it in a disciple of Him, who, as he hung on the cross, bent his last look of love to her that had yearned over his infant slumber. Alas! how changed the scene to Him from all that it then was. Instead of those fond, encircling arms, an agonizing cross — instead of that soft and soothing hand, a crown of thorns — instead of that cherishing caress, the bloody nail and spear — instead of that meek, maternal kiss, vinegar and gall — instead of that deep and overflowing heart, the coldness and bitterness of mockery — instead of that countenance filled with tenderness, light, and love, a departed God and a darkened world! Yet in the very extremity of this change, when the last pangs of its cruelty and agony were upon Him, the sufferer forgot not the future condition and happiness of her whose cares once so sweetly availed Him. But this transcendant example of filial piety and attachment has perhaps never been unfolded to the Musselman; he is devoted and constant, even without the sacred incentives which it conveys. It is for those who call themselves Christians, to ponder and admire, walk away and forget! But that callous being, to whatever creed he may belong, who can forsake his mother, who can forget the sorrows and anxieties of her who gave him birth, and nourished his unrequiting infancy, is a dishonor to his name, a burning blot upon human nature. The earth which he treads and disgraces might in justice deny him the sanctity of a grave!

VERSES FOR MY COUSIN'S ALBUM.

NAY, ask me not, coz, how long it be
 Since love's sweet witchery on me stole;
 In truth, it always seemed to me
 A portion of my soul.
 I know the springs where love was nurst,
 But ask not when it blossomed first.

'Twas not beneath the cloudless skies
 Of youth's sweet summer — long before
 The sunshine of those gentle eyes
 Had waked the tender flower;
 And from its breathing censer-cup
 Had drawn its purest incense up.

'Twas not in childhood's merry May,
 When dews were fresh and skies were fair,
 Our life was one long, sunny day,
 Undimmed by thought or care; —
 Oh no! the stream whence love is fed
 Is deepest at the fountain head; —

And feeling's purest, holiest flowers
 Are brightest in life's earliest dawn,
 But fade when come the sultry hours
 Of noontide splendor on.
 The heart's fine music sweetest rings
 Ere manhood's tears have dulled the strings.

I think my being and my love,
 Like oak and vine, together sprung,
 And bough and tendril interwove,
 And round my heart-strings clung.
 Oh! never till my latest sigh
 Shall aught unclasp that gentle tie.

ELAH.

ANECDOTE FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, an envoy from Great Britain visited Boston. He seemed to be of a bearing somewhat lordly, and he appeared as the associate of a few persons who were considered especially complaisant towards his government. His official successor was of very retired habits. About this time the United States' minister to Great Britain resided a few miles from London. The court did not attract him to a residence near to itself.

The French envoy at Washington, occupying the delightful mansion of the United States' minister to France, cultivated the good will of his neighbors: and thus our minister was received in France with all kindness and honor. It was arranged that his credentials should be presented at a grand levee, the assembly of all the dignitaries connected with that court; when Napoleon audibly expressed his gratification in receiving a minister from the United States, and especially one well known as a scholar, and who, from previous long residence in France, was acquainted with its people and government. In the foreign news, as then published in the Parisian journals, the art. United States was habitually precedent. Among the English subjects then detained there, was a youth, whose return to England was anxiously desired on account of certain domestic arrangements. A French general, detained in England, was in vain offered in exchange. The mediation of the United States' minister was solicited as a person in distinguished favor. Napoleon answered — "Such accordance cannot be made to the representative of a nation; but I freely resign the youth to the United States' minister, individually, without exchange."

The above events, which I witnessed, I narrated shortly after at the table of Dr. William Saunders,* in Westminster, partly in answer to some queries then made as to the disposition of the United States relative to France and England; a subject about which I had but little knowledge or interest. Next day I received a request to call at the house of Sir Walter Farquhar, in Sackville street, at seven P. M., when he requested me to repeat the remarks which he had been informed that I had made at Dr. Saunders's. Next day I received a request to call at the office of Sir William Hamilton, Secretary of State under Lord Sidmouth, in Downing-street, at two P. M.,

* Who was then called, "Physician extraordinary to the Prince Regent."

when he requested me to repeat the same remarks. After which he said, — “The wars with France and with the United States render rare and interesting all information from those countries. If, in requital of your communication to me I can serve you, you will experience my readiness so to do.” When I, with fifty-two of my countrymen, desired to return to the United States a year afterward, though Lord Sidmouth then caused our consular agent to be informed that ‘detention would be applied to all American citizens in Great Britain,’ on my application to Mr. Hamilton, a vessel was placed at our disposition, and Mr. Hamilton wishing me a good voyage and a happy return to my friends, offered me permission to address my correspondents in Great Britain through his office ; to which I am indebted for the free transmission of one or two valuable communications.

THE GRAVES OF TWO CHILDREN.

WE laid them side by side —
The innocent and sweet,
As if affection still could warm
Hearts that had ceased to beat ;
As if the voices, which so late
Broke forth in childish glee,
Within the grave again could join
Their thrilling harmony.

We laid them side by side,
And could not check the tear
Thus called to take the last farewell
Of those we loved so dear ;
We could not bear the thought, that all
Their loveliness had fled,
That their warm hearts had ceased to beat,
And that they both were dead.

It seemed so like a dream
That they had passed away ;
A few short weeks ago, and both
Were gayest of the gay ;
Then on the bed of pain were tossed —
Then came the dying groan —
Our tears and prayers were vain, for God
Had taken back his own.

Yet still we fondly hung
Over their lifeless clay ;
Too beautiful for death they seemed,
Too lovely for decay.

We almost fancied, as we gazed,
We saw their white lips part ;
It was but fancy — and the truth
Came sadly to our heart.

One kiss we softly pressed
Upon each brow — one look —
One lingering look we gave — and then
Our last farewell we took.
We wept — but not for them — Ah, no !
From yonder land of bliss
We would not call them back, to dwell
Amidst the cares of this.

No ! less of bitterness
Was mingled with our sighs,
When to that glorious world on high
We turned our weeping eyes.
The gentleness which stole our love,
While they on earth remained,
The memory of their innocence —
All — all — our hearts retained.

Our hopes had now decayed,
Our visions all had fled —
And those who bloomed like two sweet flowers
Now numbered with the dead.
Yes — but their spotless souls had gone
To dwell with God above.
Glorious exchange ! a world of woe
For one of joy and love.

They're sleeping side by side —
Spring, with its smiles and showers,
Has clothed the naked trees with green,
And called to life the flowers.
We visit oft the hallowed spot
Our offerings there to pay —
The silent tribute of our tears
Over their lifeless clay.

A thousand fragrant flowers
Are blooming on their grave,
And gracefully above their heads
The verdant branches wave.
How sweet it is that those we love,
Thus early snatched away,
Should sleep among spring's early flowers,
As fair and sweet as they.

P. P. P

MOHEGAN-ANA:

OR SCENES AND STORIES OF THE HUDSON.

NUMBER ONE.

I HAVE wandered a good way in my time — some five or six thousand miles perhaps, over the northern parts of the Union on either side of the mountains, and all for the sake of seeing Nature in what poets call “her wild retreats:” of beholding her in those unmolested fastnesses where, like a decorous female as she is, she may freak it about in dishabille without being subjected to that abashing scrutiny that always awaits her when architects and landscape gardeners assist at her toilet in those places where wealth compels her sometimes to hold her court. Like all the rest of the sex she is capricious enough in her choice of what she likes, and leads her admirers many an idle dance with but slight reward; while her choicest favors often awaits him who stumbles upon her at her retiring moments, in spots where he would least expect such good fortune. Certes, I have never found her more propitious than within thirty miles of Saratoga, among lakes, mountains, and forests; where, notwithstanding the vicinity of one of the gayest haunts of dissipation, my only rivals for her favors were a sportsman or two who had stumbled upon these retreats as I did.

It was many years since when I went upon my first hunting excursion in that unsettled region about the north-western sources of the Hudson, generally known as “Totten and Crossfield’s Purchase,” never in very great repute at land offices, and selling at that time for sixpence an acre. The deer were then so abundant that they were often destroyed by the few settlers for their skins alone; and wolves, and bears, and panthers prowled the thick forest unmolested, save by a few Indians who once or twice throughout the year would straggle in from the Iroquois reservation on the Canadian frontier. The salmon trout that abound in the head waters of the Hudson would sometimes tempt them at the spearing season in July; and the moose, which is still occasionally shot in this district, used generally to lure them thither in the winter season.

There was one old Mohawk, yclept *Captain Gill*, who alone kept there all the year round, and was a sort of sylvan Sultan of the whole region about. His daughter, Molly Gill, who led a kind of oyster life, (though no one would have mistaken her for a Peri,) in their wig-

wam on the outlet of lake Pleasant, used to make his mockasons, sew up the ribs of his birchen canoe, and dress his vension for him, while the Captain roved far and near in search of whatever might cheer the home enlivened by these two only inmates — a tender fawn cutlet, a trinket sent by some good-natured settler to Molly, or a stoup of vile whiskey secreted in the Captain's hunting pouch for his especial refreshment and delight.

Gill, notwithstanding this unhallowed league with bad spirits, was a capital guide upon sporting excursions whenever the larger kinds of game were the object; and the companion of my rambles, a young barrister from New-York, took as much pleasure as myself in wandering about among the mountains, or cruising from lake to lake, and camping out on their banks with the old Mohawk for our *decus et tutamen*.

A party of St. Regis Indians — who within two summers have hunted over these grounds — was at that time in the country; and uniting with these we turned out a pretty stout band upon our greater excursions; our company being often strengthened by Courtenay St. George (a cunning trapper of muskrats, whose slouching figure and ferret-like features are in whimsical contrast to his knightly name,) and other woodsmen less known along that border.

As I took no notes of our different "tramps," it is impossible now to trace their various routes through rocky glens and over sagging morasses, amid the labyrinth of lakes that are linked together by innumerable streams and waterfalls among these mountains; and I may be sufficiently inaccurate while trying to recall some of the tales and anecdotes with which our party used to while away the evenings between the hours of making our camp-fire and the moment of retiring to repose: but neither shall prevent me from attempting to sketch some of these scenes from recollection, and relating the legends connected with them as I now remember them.

Embarking one morning on a small lake called Konjimuc by the Indians, we entered its outlet, and floated many hours down a stream scarcely a pistol shot in breadth, where, from the rapidity of the current, the steering paddle alone was necessary to keep our canoes on their course. The brook wound generally through a wooded morass, where the dense overhanging foliage excluded even a glimpse of the neighboring mountains; at times, however, it would sweep near enough to their bank to wash a wall of granite, from which the hanging birch and hemlock would fling their branches far over the limpid tide; and then again it would expand into a broad deep pool, circled with water lilies and animated by large flocks of wild fowl, that would rise screaming from the black tarn as we glided out from the shadow of the forest and skimmed over its smooth surface. Innumerable streams, the in-

lets and outlets of other lakes, mingled their waters in these frequently-occurring ponds, and about sunset we struck one so broad that we determined to change our course, and heading our shallops now against the current, we soon found ourselves upon the outlet of a considerable lake. The water gradually became deeper and more sluggish, and then a pull of a few hundred yards with a sudden turn in the forest, shot us out upon one of the most beautiful sheets of water I ever beheld.

It was about four miles in length, with perhaps, half that breadth; the shores curved with the most picturesque irregularity, and swelling high, but gradually, from the water; while their graceful slopes were held in strong contrast by a single islet which shot up in one bold cliff from the centre, and nodded with a crown of pines, around which an eagle was at that moment wheeling. There were then, I believe, but two farms upon the banks of lake Pleasant, a couple of small "clearings" on the brows of opposite promontaries, each waving with wheat and smiling in the light of the setting sun — the only cultivated spots in an unbroken wilderness. Every where else the untamed forest threw its dusky shadow over the lake, while beneath the pendant branches, which in some instances swept the wave, a beach as white as the snowy strand of the ocean glistened around the clear blue water.

The sun was setting in heavy though gorgeous clouds, which at each moment lost some of their brightness in a volume of vapor that rolled along the mountains; and by the time we reached the upper end of the lake, the broad drops that began to descend warned us to hurry on our course and gain a shelter from the coming storm. We had reached the inlet of the lake, which was only a narrow crooked strait, a few hundred rods in length, connecting it with another sheet of water that covered about the same surface as that through which we had passed; the promontory between affording, as I afterwards experienced, a commanding view of both the sister lakes. Our destination was the farthest side of the upper lake, and the management of a canoe was no boy's play when we left the sheltered strait and launched out upon the stormy water. The shores were bold and rocky; and as the wind had now risen into a tempest, the waves beat furiously upon them. The rain blew in blinding sheets against us, and it was almost impossible, while urging our way in its teeth, to keep our canoes from falling off into the trough of the sea; in which case they would inevitably have been swamped. Our flotilla was soon separated and dispersed in the darkness. We called long to each other as the lightning from time to time revealed a boat still in hail, but our voices were at last only echoed by the dismal wailing of the loon, whose shriek always rises above the storm, and may be heard for miles amidst its wildest raging.

Sacondaga, the lake we were on, the fountain head of the river of

that name, is shaped, as an Indian described it to me, "like a bear's paw spread out with an island between the ball of each toe:"* and the different bays and islets, resembling each other to an unpractised eye, might, on a dark night, mislead even the skilful voyageur in making any given point on the shore; more than one of our canoes must have coasted the greater part of it before they were all successively drawn up on the beach at the place we had fixed for our rendezvous.

"I may say that the Flying Head was abroad to-night," quoth the old Mohawk, in good round English, as he lighted his pipe and looked contentedly around the bark shantee, wherein each of our company, having cheered himself with a hearty supper of dried venison, was lounging about the fire in every variety of indolent attitude. The remark seemed to attract the attention of no one but myself; but when I asked the speaker to explain its meaning, my mongrel companions eagerly united in a request that "the captain would tell them all about the varmint of which he spoke, be it *painter* (panther) or devil." Gill did not long hesitate to comply; but the particulars, not to mention the phraseology of his narrative, in the years that have since elapsed, have almost escaped me; and I shall, therefore, not hesitate to tell the story in my own way while trying to recall it here.

THE FLYING HEAD, A LEGEND OF SACONDAGA LAKE.

The country about the head waters of the great Mohegan, though abounding in game and fish, was never, in the recollection of the oldest Indians living, nor in that of their fathers' fathers, the permanent residence of any one tribe. From the savage shores of the Scroon, where the eastern fork takes its rise, to the silver strand of lake Pleasant, through which the western branch makes its way after rising in Sacondaga lake, the wilderness that intervenes, and all the mountains round about the fountain heads of the great river, have from time immemorial been infested by a class of beings with whom no good man would ever wish to come in contact.

The young men of the Mohawk have, indeed, often traversed it, when, in years gone by, they went on the war-path after the hostile tribes of the north; and the scattered and wandering remnants of their people, with an occasional hunting party from the degenerate bands that survive at St. Regis, will yet occasionally be tempted over these haunted grounds in quest of the game that still finds a refuge in that mountain region. The evil shapes that were formerly so troublesome

* It is called "Round Lake" by the surveyors, probably *quasi lucus*, &c.

to the red hunter, seem in these later days to have become less restless at his presence ; and, whether it be that the day of their power has gone by, or that their vindictiveness has relented at witnessing the fate which seems to be universally overtaking the people whom they once delighted to persecute — certain it is that the few Indians who now find their way to this part of the country are never molested except by the white settlers, who are slowly extending their clearings among the wild hills of the north.

The Flying Head, which is supposed to have first driven the original possessors of these hunting grounds, whosoever they were, from their homes, and which, as long as tradition runneth back in the old day before the whites came hither, guarded them from the occupancy of every neighboring tribe, has not been seen for many years by any credible witness ; though there are those who insist that it has more than once appeared to them hovering, as their fathers used to describe it, over the lake in which it first had its birth. The existence of this fearful monster, however, has never been disputed. Rude representations of it are still occasionally met with in the crude designs of those degenerate aborigines who earn a scant subsistence by making birchen baskets and ornamented pouches for travellers, who are curious in their manufacture of wampum and porcupine quills ; and the origin and history of the Flying Head survives, while even the name of the tribe whose crimes first called it into existence has passed away for ever.

It was a season of great severity with that forgotten people whose council fires were lighted on the mountain promontory that divides Sacondaga from the sister lake into which it discharges itself.*

A long and severe winter with but little snow, had killed the herbage at its roots, and the moose and deer had trooped off to the more luxuriant pastures along the Mohawk, whither the hunters of the hills dared not follow them. The fishing too failed ; and the famine became so devouring among the mountains, that whole families, who had no hunters to provide for them, perished outright. The young men would no longer throw the slender product of the chase into the common stock, and the women and children had to maintain life as well they could upon the roots and berries the woods afforded them.

The sufferings of the tribe became at length so galling that the young and enterprising began to talk of migrating from the ancient seat of their people ; and as it was impossible, surrounded as they were by hostile tribes, merely to shift their hunting grounds for a season and return to them at some more auspicious period, it was proposed

* A hamlet is now growing up on this beautiful mountain slope, and the scenery in the vicinity is likely to be soon better known from the enterprise of a Mr. Skidmore, who is about establishing a line of stages between Sacondaga lake and Saratoga springs.

that if they could effect a secret march to the great lake off to the west of them, they should launch their canoes upon Ontario, and all move away to a new home beyond its broad waters. The wild rice, of which some had been brought into their country by a runner from a distant nation, would, they thought, support them in their perilous voyage along the shores of the great water where it grows in such profusion ; and they believed that, once safely beyond the lake, it would be easy enough to find a new home abounding in game, upon those flowery plains which, as they had heard, lay like one immense garden beyond the chain of inland seas.

The old men of the tribe were indignant at the bare suggestion of leaving the bright streams and sheltered vallies, amid which their spring-time of life had passed so happily. They doubted the existence of the garden regions of which their children spoke ; and they thought that if there were indeed such a country, it was madness to attempt to reach it in the way proposed. They said, too, that the famine was a scourge which the Master of Life inflicted upon his people for their crimes—that if its pains were endured with the constancy and firmness that became warriors, the visitation would soon pass away ; but that those who fled from it would only war with their destiny, and that chastisement would follow them, in some shape, wheresoever they might flee. Finally, they added, that they would rather perish by inches on their native hills — they would rather die that moment, than, leaving them for ever, to revel in plenty upon stranger plains.

“ Be it so — they have spoken ! ” exclaimed a fierce and insolent youth, springing to his feet and casting a furious glance around the council as the aged chief, who had thus addressed it, resumed his seat. “ Be the dotards’ words their own, my brothers — let them die for the crimes they have even now acknowledged. We know of none, our unsullied summers have yet had to blush for. It is they that have drawn this curse upon our people — it is for them that our vitals are consuming with anguish, while our strength wastes away in the search of sustenance we cannot find — or which, when found, we are compelled to share with those for whose misdeeds the Great Spirit hath placed it far from us. They have spoken — let them die. Let them die, if we are to remain, to appease the angry Spirit ; and the food that now keeps life lingering in their shrivelled and useless carcasses may then nerve the limbs of our young hunters, or keep our children from perishing. Let them die, if we are to move hence, for their presence will but bring a curse upon our path — their worn-out frames will give way upon the march, and the raven that hovers over their corses, guide our enemies to the spot, and scent them like wolves upon our trail. Let them die ; my brothers, and, in that they

are still our tribes-men, let us give them the death of warriors — and that before we leave this ground.”

And with these words the young barbarian, pealing forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of the old man nearest to him. The infernal yell was echoed on every side — a dozen flint hatchets were instantly raised by as many remorseless arms, and the massacre was wrought before one of those thus horribly sacrificed could interpose a plea of mercy. But for mercy they would not have pleaded, had opportunity been afforded them. For even in the moment that intervened between the cruel sentence and its execution, they managed to show that stern resignation to the decrees of fate which an Indian warrior ever exhibits when death is near ; and each of the seven old men that perished thus barbarously, drew his wolf-skin mantle around his shoulders and nodded his head as if inviting the death-blow that followed.

The parricidal deed was done ; and it now became a question, how to dispose of the remains of those whose lamp of life, while twinkling in the socket, had been thus fearfully quenched for ever. The act, though said to have been of not unfrequent occurrence among certain Indian tribes at similar exigencies, was one utterly abhorrent to the nature of most of our aborigines ; who, from their earliest years, are taught the deepest reverence for the aged. In the present instance, likewise, it had been so outrageous a perversion of their customary views of duty among this simple people, that it was thought but proper to dispense with their wonted mode of sepulture, and dispose of the victims of famine and fanaticism in some peculiar manner. They wished in some way to sanctify the deed, by offering up the bodies of the slaughtered to the Master of Life, and that without dishonoring the dead. It was therefore agreed to decapitate the bodies and burn them ; and as the nobler part could not, when thus dissevered, be buried with the usual forms, it was determined to sink the heads together in the bottom of the lake.

The soul-less trunks were accordingly consumed and the ashes scattered to the winds, and the heads were then deposited singly, in separate canoes, which pulled off in a kind of procession from the shore. The young chief who had suggested the bloody scene of the sacrifice, rowed in advance, in order to designate the spot where they were to disburden themselves of their gory freight. Resting then upon his oars, he received each head in succession from his companions, and proceeded to tie them together by their scalp-locks, in order to sink the whole, with a huge stone, to the bottom. But the vengeance of the Master of Life overtook the wretch before his horrid office was accomplished ; for no sooner did he receive the last head

into his canoe, than it began to sink — his feet became entangled in the hideous chain he had been knotting together, and before his horror-stricken companions could come to his rescue, he was dragged shrieking to the bottom. The others waited not to see the water settle over him, but pulled with their whole strength for the shore.

The morning dawned calmly upon that unhallowed water, which seemed at first to show no traces of the deed it had witnessed the night before. But gradually, as the sun rose higher, a few gory bubbles appeared to float over one smooth and turbid spot, which the breeze never crisped into a ripple. The parricides sat on the bank watching it all the day; but sluggish, as at first, that sullen blot upon the fresh blue surface still remained. Another day passed over their heads, and the thick stain was yet there. On the third day the floating slime took a greener hue, as if colored by the festering mass beneath: but coarse fibres of darker dye marbled its surface; and on the fourth day these began to tremble along the water like weeds growing from the bottom, or the long tresses of a woman's scalp floating in a pool when no wind disturbs it. The fifth morning came, and the conscience-stricken watchers thought that the spreading scalp — for such now all agreed it was — had raised itself from the water, and become rounded at the top as if there were a head beneath it. Some thought, too, that they could discover a pair of hideous eyes glaring beneath the dripping locks. They looked on the sixth, and there indeed was a monstrous head floating upon the surface, as if anchored to the spot, around which the water — notwithstanding a blast which swept the lake — was calm and motionless as ever.

Those bad Indians then wished to fly, but the doomed parricides had not now the courage to encounter the warlike bands through which they must make their way in fleeing from their native valley. They thought, too, that as nothing about the head except the eyes had motion, it could not harm them, resting quietly as it did upon the bosom of the waters. And though it was dreadful to have that hideous gaze fixed for ever upon their dwellings, yet they thought that if the Master of Life meant this as an expiation for their frenzied deed, they would strive to live on beneath those unearthly glances without shrinking or complaint.

But a strange alteration had taken place in the floating head on the morning of the seventh day. A pair of broad wings, ribbed like those of a bat, and with claws appended to each tendon, had grown out during the night; and, buoyed up by these, it seemed to be now resting upon the water. The water itself appeared to ripple more briskly near it, as if joyous that it was about to be relieved of its unnatural burthen: but still for hours the head maintained its first position. At last the wind began to rise, and, driving through the trough of the sea,

beneath their expanded membrane, raised the wings from the surface, and seemed for the first time to endow them with vitality. They flapped harshly once or twice upon the waves, and the head rose slowly and heavily from the lake.

An agony of fear seized upon the gazing parricides, but the supernatural creation made no movement to injure them. It only remained balancing itself over the lake, and casting a shadow from its wings that wrapped the valley in gloom. But dreadful was it beneath their withering shade to watch that terrific monster, hovering like a falcon for the stoop, and know not upon what victim it might descend. It was then that they who had sown the gory seed from which it sprung to life, with one impulse sought to escape its presence by flight. Herding together like a troop of deer when the panther is prowling by, they rushed in a body from the scene. But the flapping of the demon pinions was soon heard behind them, and the winged head was henceforth on their track wheresoever it led.

In vain did they cross one mountain barrier after another—plunge into the rocky gorge or thread the mazy swamp to escape their fiendish watcher. The Flying Head would rise on tireless wings over the loftiest summit, or dart in arrowy flight through the narrowest passes without furling its pinions; while their sullen threshing would be heard even in those vine-webbed thickets, where the little ground bird can scarcely make its way. The very caverns of the earth were no protection to the parricides from its presence; for scarcely would they think they had found a refuge in some sparry cell, when, poised midway between the ceiling and the floor, they would behold the Flying Head glaring upon them. Sleeping or waking, the monster was ever near—they paused to rest, but the rushing of its wings, as it swept around their resting-place in never-ending circles, prevented them from finding forgetfulness in repose; or, if in spite of those blighting pinions that ever fanned them, fatigue did at moments plunge them in uneasy slumbers, the glances of the Flying Head would pierce their very eyelids, and steep their dreams in horror.

What was the ultimate fate of that band of parricides no one has ever known. Some say that the Master of Life kept them always young, in order that their capability of suffering might never wear out; and these insist that the Flying Head is still pursuing them over the great prairies of the Far West. Others aver that the glances of the Flying Head turned each of them gradually into stone, and these say that their forms, though altered by the wearing of the rains in the lapse of long years, may still be recognized in those upright rocks which stand like human figures along the shores of some of the neighboring lakes; though most Indians have another way of accounting for these figures. Certain it is, however, that the Flying Head always

comes back to this part of the country about the times of the Equinox ; and some say even that you may alway hear the flapping of its wings whenever such a storm as that we have just weathered is brewing."

The old hunter had finished his story ; but my companions were still anxious that he should protract the narrative, and give us the account of the grotesque forms to which he had alluded as being found among these hills. These, however, he told us more properly belonged to another legend, which he subsequently related, and which I may hereafter endeavor to recall.

C. F. H.

THE WATCH-FIRE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF COLLIN.

WIFE and child ! a peaceful sleep,
'Tis for that my watch I keep
Through the dark and chilly night :
Think on you, and cry with might,
"Liberty or death !"

Hark ! e'en now afar it peals !
On the warrior's heart it steals !
Glorious watchword ! through the night
Man to man calls out with might
"Liberty or death !"

Where yon faithful watch-fires glow,
Bold — defying stands the foe —
Still the cry rings through the night,
Guard to guard calls out with might
"Liberty or death !"

When a shudder strikes the foe,
And his blood runs cold and slow,
Vain he blames the chilly night ;
'Tis our watchword's fearful might,
"Liberty or death !"

When the battle-storm raves high,
Leaden hail-stones whizzing by —
Hurl him to the darkest night,
By that glorious watchword's might,
"Liberty or death !"

THE ALTAR OF AMMON.*

Scimus et hoc nobis non altius inseret Ammon.

LUCAN PHARS. lib. ix. ver. 572.

Mrs. Malaprop. — I own the soft impeachment. Pardon my camelion blushes. I am Dalia.

Sir Lucius. — You Dalia! Pho! Pho! Be aisy.

Mrs. Mal. — Why, you barbarous Vandyke — those letters are mine.

THE RIVALS.

LIE there, Coleridge, and torment me no more. I have read that book till I am absolutely dizzy with thought; — my head seethes like a cauldron — I must put myself upon the use of intellectual diluents — mental slops — till I get relief from this reflecting plethora. What shall I take? Oh, I have it. Diavolo! bring me the papers — the country papers I mean, throw some coal upon that fire, and when I fall asleep cover me up with that cloak. Mercy upon me — what a pile: never mind, throw them all upon the floor beside the sofa. So — vanish. Now for the demulcents. Here is the Monongehela Watchman — “Dreadful Accident” — “Cow cut in two by a rail-road Car” — “Butchery.” Bah! a pun — away with the Watchman. What comes next? “Rail-road from Worcester to ——” — “price per mile” — “level” — “car” — “transportation” — very good project I have no doubt. Well, what next? “Pity for Priam, arising not from compassion, but from a sudden indefinable likeness springing up in his mind between the grey-haired Trojan praying for the body of Hector, and the bereaved Peleus who must one day weep for his own fall in that remote Argos, which he knows he shall never see” — really that is not bad. Where did our country friend pick up that pretty piece of Balaam — “Ammon” — “Ammon” — who can he be? Reader, it is not our wont to admit thee, dearly loved though thou art, into this our little sanctum — but since thou art here, we will have no secrets, but frankly confess — ignorance; — yes, we are ignorant; we know not who this Am-

* We know not to whom we are indebted for our apotheosis, as clearly established in the above article, certainly to some one who has familiar access to our editorial table; and who, in temporarily withdrawing several papers which we feared had disappeared altogether, has returned them in a setting that adds much to their value. *Ammon* welcomes him to the very penetralia of his temple. — EDS. AM. MON.

mon is. But we will know, and thou shalt know. Diavolo! Diavolo! hand me Lempriere. Not that one, Imp of darkness! the large book bound in Russia, that is it, now off! Here we shall find this same Ammon—for I take it for granted he is one of the illustrious dead—let us see.

“*Ammon*. — Father of the Ammonites — enemies of Israel.”

It cannot be he; let us look further.

Ammonius Saccus. — “Founder of the Eclectic School — among his disciples — Longinus.” This is doubtless the man — though how the wisdom of Saccus Ammonius came to be transplanted into the Tonewanta Reflector, passes judgment—let us see if he has any more as good. Why, here is a whole column of little extracts, and all from Ammon. The first is in verse :

“Had ye but known your day of grace, while still
Jehovah's mercy paused your doom to seal.”

This can't be from Saccus Ammonius, for the blind idiot deserted the Christian religion and turned Pagan. We must look again into Lempriere and see if there are any more Ammons. Am — Am — ah, here it is.

“*Ammonius Lavinus*. — A Carthusian monk, much esteemed by Erasmus;” that is the man beyond a doubt. “Carthusian monk;” I dare say the editor of the Tonewanta Reflector is a Catholic, or perhaps some neighboring Jesuit gets up his Balaam for him — they are up to all such ways and means of acquiring influence, those Jesuits, Cunning dogs! But let us look at another.

Ammonius. — “Surgeon — lithotomist:” it can't be this man.

Ammonius Andrew. — “Native of Lucca — fled to England” — on account of his religion, doubtless — “patronized by Sir Thomas More.” This may be the man, though I should scarce think Sir Thomas would have allowed a protégé of his to be very hard upon the Romish priests. We will look at another extract before we make up our minds.

“From the days of Cowper to those of Byron.” Hah! “Crabbe,” “Elliott.” You see it is not Sir Thomas's friend, after all. Reader, we are at fault; this Ammon is past our finding out: we will try one more extract and then give him up. “While Che-che-gwa was loading his rifle;” hum! “sable enemy;” heh? it is impossible! and yet “Muckwaw desperately wounded;” it is — stay, there is surely some mistake; “taken effect in the spine;” I have it — “poor animal” — 'tis he — “piteous groans;” is not that droll? “whizzing hatchet” — 'tis the very thing; “Indian asked pardon” — and so do

we of you, gentle reader, for having bewildered you and ourselves through so much of Balaam, and so many articles in the Biographical Dictionary in search of one whom we might have found with less trouble. Reader, know that Ammon, as we have just found out, indicates neither the father of the Ammonites nor the teacher of Longinus, neither the friend of Erasmus nor the protégé of Sir Thomas More, Am Mon (as it should have been written) indicates American Monthly. Yes — 'tis true — Am mon — and why not? Jupiter was called Ammon! It shall be so; the Magazine shall be deified under that name; and this shall be the Temple of Ammon: here will he receive the offerings of the faithful from every clime — homage in prose — adoration in verse.

The Priest arose — with trembling hand
 He waves around his magic wand,
 And now about his head
 Shadows and clouds are spread —
 They pass — and now the little room
 Erst the student's humble home
 Is changed — 'tis gone, and in its stead
 Pillars rise — a long arcade;
 Fretted roof and vaulted dome,
 Temple, shrine and altar come —
 Soft music floats around,
 And to the sound
 The brazen gates are opened wide,
 And onward comes a living tide,
 White robed priest and augur wise,
 Haruspex and Sybil rise. —
 In silence first the kneeling Flamens pray
 To Ammon then they chaunt the solemn lay,
 While unseen harps in sweet accordance play.
 Invoking Ammon in that tongue which first
 Upon his infant ear melodious burst.

INVOCATION TO AMMON.

ὦ Ζεῦ μέγιστε, παγκρατὲς καταιδάτων
 Ἑλατὲρ κεραυνῶν — εἴθ' Ὀλύμπιδ' κλῦειν,
 Εἴθ' αὖ Δόκαιον, αἰνέσεις — Κρόνου τέκος
 Ὑπερτελὲς, Θεῶν τε κἄνθρωπων πατὴρ,
 Τὸ σὸν Σκύθης φιλιππος δῶρωδ' ἔμενος,
 Αἰγύπτιος τὸ σὸν, παρ' εὐμενεὶς ῥοῦς
 Νείλου, σεβίζει· χῆσσις Ἰνδικοῦ πόρον
 Ποτάμου παροικεῖ λείρινον· Σὲ δ' Αἰθίοψ
 Ἀμμωνα γνάλοις ἐν Λιβυστικῆς καλεῖ,
 Τὸν καλλιπῶρον βαδῶς Ὀλυμπίας
 Ἔσθαντα θάλαμον, κἄν τυραννικῶ λείχει
 Αἶν' ἄρβρην φύσαντα — φιλόμαχον τέρας —
 Ὃς, τοξόταισι Περσίοις ἐπενθορῶν,

Ὀνέχων ἄτερθε, φασγάνου θεηλάτοις
 ῥιπαῖσιν, ἐσπάραιζε δαΐων Ἄρη—
 Δίος κεράστου παῖς, μάλ' ἐμφανὴς ἴδειν.
 Μὴ δῆτα χείρων ὑπτίων πετάσματα,
 Λιτάς θ', ἃ σοὶ, μέγιστ', ὀφείλομεν, Θεῶν,
 Μὴ δῆτ' ἀπωθεῖ· Σοὶ γὰρ εὐχὰς αἰρομεν,
 Ὑφάπτομεν σοὶ θωμάτων κλειτὴν φλόγα
 Ἄμμον κέραστες, Ἄμμον Οὐράνου πατὴρ.
 Πλὴν σοῦ γὰρ, Ἄμμον, οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ἄμβροτον.
 Βέβαιον οὐδὲν ἐστ' ἐν ποντίῳ πλάκι,
 Ἐν πυριλαμπῶν οὐδὲν ἀστέρων χορῶ,
 Παμμήτορος χλωραῖσιν ἐν γαίᾳ ἔδραις
 Ἀθάνατον οὐδὲν, οὐδ' αἰώνιον λέγειν.
 Σὸ δ' αὖ κυβερνᾷς, καὶ κυβέρνησεις αἶε.*

[*The Flamen Dialis ascends his curule chair.† His lictor stands at his right hand and the offerings begin.*]

Flamen 1st. — Caronatus sends an altar-piece for Ammon. The art of RETSCH hath pictured the Philosopher Prince fixing a bright yet thoughtful eye upon the naked skull of his youth's play-fellow, and musing upon man's mortality. While the hardened wretch, accustomed to such sights, and deadened by their influence, smiles to see that a prince — the son of a king — the heir to a crown — can be moved by that which to a grave-digger is so common and so valueless — a skull — a bone — a relic of the grave-rotten dead."

* Hath Ammon no votary who will translate these Tragic Iambics into worthy English for our February Number? Our printer's devil paraphrases them as follows:

O! thou who erst "to fair Olympia press'd,"
 Great father Ammon!
 Coming paternally — celestial guest!
 Her spouse to gammon,
 Making King Phil forsooth too
 God-father of the youth who
 Gave old Darius such a lammin.' [*Lexicon Crockettiana.*]
 Thou, whose enduring, all-embrasive sway is
 Acknowledged alike, where in the wild Tanâis
 The red Sarmatian spears the darting salmon,
 Or, where the rock-hewn altars of Thebâis
 Bleeds the white bull or sacrificial ram on,
 Or sable Ethiop — (in his home-economy
 Unconscious yet of possum fat and hominy) —
 Lays his simple yam on!
 Ammon! Olympius! Sponsor! Latialis!
 Maximus! Victor! Anxurus! Fluvialis!
 Or by what title or adjunct thou would'st rather
 We unto thy list of names, great father,
 Here should cram on.
 Listen to thy flamen.

† Flaminem Jovi assiduum sacerdotem creavit ("Numa"), insignique eum veste et curuli regia sella adornavit. Liv. lib. i. 20.

Flam. Dialis.— "It is a triumph of art. Let it be placed in the very front of our hallowed fane, that all may see how Ammon honors the children of Genius."

Flamen 2d.— The Priestess of Apollo sends her offering."

PARTING OF THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE time had come. The stern clock struck the hour.
 Each long-loved haunt had shared her mute farewell, —
 The vine-wrapt walk, the hillock's tufted crown, —
 The nurtured plants that in the casement smiled
 Had drank a blessing from her loving eye
 For the last time. But now the climax came.
 And so she rose, and with a fond embrace
 Folded her gentle sister, who had been
 A second self, ere from her cradle-dream,
 And hung about her brother's neck, as one
 Who 'neath the weight of love's remembrances
 Doth look on language as a broken thing.
 Methought she lingered long, as if to gain
 Respite from some more dreaded pang, that frowned
 Appalling, though unfelt. For near her side,
 With eye close following, where her darling moved,
 Her widowed mother stood. And so, she laid
 Her head on that dear breast, where every pain
 Of infancy was soothed. And there arose
 One wild, deep sob of weeping, such as breaks
 Upon the ear of Death, when he hath torn
 The nerve fast rooted in the fount of life.
 — 'Tis o'er. The bitterness is past. Young bride!
 No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip,
 Till the last ice-cup cometh.

Then she turned
 To him who was to be sole shelterer now, —
 And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
 One moment upward, whence her strength did come, —
 And with a steadfast step paced forth to take
 Her life-long portion, in a heathen clime.
 — Oh Love and Faith! — twin-centinels, who guard
 One this drear world and one the gate of heaven, —
 How glorious are ye, when in woman's heart
 Ye make that trembling hold invincible.
 Ye both were there, — and so she past away
 A tearful victor.

Yet to me it seemed,
 Thus in the flush of youth and health, to take
 Death's parting was a strange, unnatural thing;
 And that the lofty martyr, who doth yield
 His body to the fire's fierce alchymy

But one brief hour, hath lighter claim on heaven
 For high endurance, than the tender bride
 Who from her mother's bosom lifts her head
 To bide the buffet of a pagan clime,
 And rear babes beneath the bamboo thatch,
 Bearing the sorrow of her woman's lot,
 Perchance, for many years.

Thus must it seem
 To the trim worldling, in the broad green way
 Loitering and careless where that way may lead,
 And prizing more the senses than the soul.
 Heart! is it thus with thee? Go pour thyself
 In penitence to Him, who heeded not
 The cross on Calvary, — so the lost might live.
 Look to thine own slack service, — meted out
 And fashioned at thine ease, — and let the zeal
 Which nerved the parting of that fair young bride,
 Be as a probe to search thy dead content.

Flamen Dialis.— The offering is most precious — and worthy even
 a holier shrine than Ammon's. Lictor, go! break from the sacred
 laurel that grows beside our fane, a branch, and let Apollo's favorite
 priestess wear the garland.

Flamen 3d.— A gem of his double art, from the poet-painter of
 our country :

ROSALIA.— By WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Oh, pour upon my soul again
 That sad, unearthly strain,
 That seems from other worlds to plain ;
 Thus falling, falling from afar,
 As if some melancholy star
 Had mingled with her light her sighs,
 And dropped them from the skies.

No — never came from aught below
 This melody of wo,
 That makes my heart to overflow
 As from a thousand gushing springs
 Unknown before ; that with it brings
 This nameless light — if light it be —
 That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
 The hue of other spheres ;
 And something blent of smiles and tears
 Comes from the very air I breathe.
 Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
 Can mould a sadness like to this —
 So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day
 When the last lingering ray
 Stops on the highest cloud to play—
 So thought the gentle Rosalie
 As on her maiden reverie
 First fell the strain of him who stole
 In music to her soul.*

Flamen Dialis. — “Chippings from the work-shop of a Phidias,” they are thrice welcome! How glowing an interest must ever rest upon the productions of him who is at the same time painter and poet; who is not alone capable of giving form to his conceptions, but of investing them with the brightest language of imagination.

Flamen 4th.— From his lodge in the far west, Wunnessadawa sends the war song of his tribe.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.—BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

I.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Swear ye for the glorious cause,
 Swear by Nature's holy laws
 To defend your Father-land.
 By the glory ye inherit—
 By the name mid men ye bear—
 By your country's freedom swear it—
 By the Eternal—this day swear!
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

II.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Let the earth and heaven hear it,
 While the sacred oath we swear it,
 Swear to uphold our Father-land!
 Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
 Floating foremost in the field,
 While thy spirit hovers o'er us
 None shall tremble—none shall yield.
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

* These lines by Mr. Allston form the subject of a picture lately painted by him for the Hon. Nathan Appleton. We can bear personal testimony to its exquisite dream-like beauty. — *Eds. AM. MON.*

III.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Raise it to the Father spirit,
 To the Lord of Heaven rear it;
 Let the soul 'bove earth expand.
 Truth unwavering—Faith unshaken,
 Sway each action, word, and will,
 That which man hath undertaken,
 Heaven can alone fulfill.
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

Flam. 3d.—Thy favorite Phrenopolis presents another offering, through her son, a zealous priest of Ammon.

Flamen Dialis.—SON OF MINE AGE,* most welcome. Thine offering is accepted, and thou most dear to us.

[The whole chorus now unite in chanting the following Ode to the Comet, and the scene closes.]

TO THE DEPARTED COMET.

"Some Comet."

SHAKSPEARE.

"This sole phenomenon."

HUDIBRAS.

Where hast thou wandered? thou prodigious thing!
 What distant planet gazes at thy shine?
 Deeming fierce wars and dire contentions spring
 Beneath the flourish of that tail of thine.
 Ha! hast thou jostled out of Heaven some star,
 Racing through ether in thy fiery car!

* Nos legemus כְּנִימִים *filius dierum* et non, cum versione commune כְּנוֹמִין *filius dextræ*. Sic Houbiant "כְּנִימִין Chaldaismum hunc esse a Librariis in-
 vectum pro כְּנִימִים (*filius dierum*.) Quod si autem habuere כְּנִימִין ut verbum He-
 braicum qui significetur filius dextræ id jam queritur quoniam pacto dextræ Jacob
 filius esset Benjamin. Nam in partu Benjamin nihil occidisse memoratur, ex quo no-
 menatio talis diduci possit. Sed cum Benjamin alibi nomenetur filius senectutis quis
 non videt legitimam scripturam esse כְּנִימִים? Itaque etiam talem scriptionem
 numquam deserunt Samaritani. (Et memorabile est, in codice Sept. Paulino ver-
 sionis Alex. servari scriptionem Βενιαμίν.)" Houbijant. p. 46. Editio Francofurti
 ad Moenum, A. D. 1777.

Sic vero Grotius—"potius Syiaco sermone, cujus multum adhuc retinebit
 Jacobus, filius dierum.

Callovius contra—"nusquam legitur verbum Syriacum ullum quod Jacobus
 adhibueret." Vide Callovi Biblia Illustrata Tom. 1. p. 300. Ed. 1672.

And do they, in the unknown spheres, surmise,
 As we, upon this third-rate globe called Earth,
 With look sagacious and demeanor wise,
 That thou from jarring elements hadst birth,
 And swing'st, unsteered, like ship without a sail,
 Or a sea-serpent, with a league-long tail?

'Twas said thou'dst come in contact with this ball,
 And scorch up all its mountains to a cinder;
 Yet not one feeble spark did'st thou let fall,
 Enough to set on fire a bit of tinder!
 And now thou'rt quenched, or into darkness dwindled,
 And not a hair of head, or whisker kindled.

Yes, all is safe. The tall trees still uplift
 Their plummy summits to the swaying air;
 Through laughing vales the rivers run as swift;
 The shores are washed by waters quite as fair;
 I mean in Southern climes — for Winter now
 Hangs ice for blossoms on the naked bough,

And pays rough greeting to our Yankee land;
 For since thou'rt gone, with thy pervading heat,
 He wields his sceptre with a ruthless hand,
 Shrouding the atmosphere with snow and sleet;
 Since thy warmth-yielding blaze has passed away,
 We scarcely have enjoyed a pleasant day.

Nor Earth alone, but Man is still the same,
 His schemes, his politics, his busy strife,
 His speculations to get cash or fame,
 His care for living and his waste of life.
 Still the free savage roves his wild domain;
 In deathful mines the slave still clanks his chain.

Fashion makes fools — and lovely ladies spend
 Their wealth of beauty on the lavish night.
 Though thou art not in yonder sky, to lend
 Thy rival splendor to entrance the sight,
 Still town and country maids blush all they can;
 From Isabella down to Sally Ann.

Where wanderest thou? again I ask thee — where?
 Why hast thou gone? Return! and tell me why?
 And what art thou? Astronomers declare
 Thou'rt "a large body floating in the sky;"
 And through long glasses at thy long tail peep,
 Thou huge Leviathan of the upper deep!

Said I thy tail? Professors showed us two,
 Two bright appendages to thy behind —
 Strange that the wise could not expose to view
 A cause that any stupid lout might find:
 And could such science to discover fail
 That thou did'st choose to *double up* thy tail!

I think thou art a runner to the Sun,
 A beamy messenger he sends along
 The realms of space, to visit every one
 Of his dominions — and the gorgeous throng
 To set in order, once in seventy years,
 That there may be no clashing of the spheres.

To hurry on from Herschel unto Mars,
 Bearing new oil from his exhaustless urn,
 To trim the dim wicks of the lesser stars,
 And see that all, in quenchless lustre, burn,
 If any rays be found unmixed, to mix them;
 If any "fixed stars" get unfixed, to fix them!

Or better still. I think thou art a ship
 Propelled by steam from Jupiter to Venus;
 Sent out, provisioned for a mighty trip,
 As folks say there — "to touch at globes between us."
 Who knows what Earth-born mortals may not dare,
 When they have learned to navigate the air?

We, too, may own a comet — not to creep,
 Snail-like on rail-road; but, like thee to fly
 From orb to orb — and not to slowly sweep
 Like witch on broomstick through the murky sky;
 But rushing faster than the tempest-gale,
 Spout out whole floods of sparks by way of tail!

People in large worlds have larger minds.
 The Captain Roses of so vast a sea
 Toy not with tides nor wanton with the winds;
 But on discoveries sail in things like thee! —
 The great, big steamboat of the western zone,
 Where each man keeps a steamboat of his own!

Come-t, farewell! fling wide thy streaming flame
 To craze the quidnuncs of another sphere!
Go it, methinks, would be thy fitter name
 For lo! thou art not, yet thou hast been here.
 When next thou com'st our way, I beg thou'lt wear
 Three tails to make the generation stare!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Discourse upon the Life, Character, and Services of the Honorable John Marshall, L.L. D., Chief Justice of the United States of America, pronounced on the 15th day of October, at the request of the Suffolk Bar. By Joseph Story, L.L. D. : Boston, James Munroe & Co.

WE know not which most to admire, the character of the great deceased, to whose memory these pages are devoted, or the ability and feeling manifested by the distinguished eulogist. Mr. Justice Story has spoken out of the fulness of his heart and knowledge. He loved the departed Chief Justice with no common love; and he knew him better, perhaps, than he was known by any other man living. Their acquaintance was formed when Mr. Justice Story first took his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, over which Marshall had already presided for a period longer than either of his predecessors, with an ability which was the delight of all the friends of the constitution, and which was cemented by daily participation for upwards of twenty-four years in the same high and arduous labors, and by the mutual attraction of kindly and congenial natures. A purer and more ardent friendship never existed. The present discourse is, therefore, not simply a sketch of the life and services of the late Chief Justice, but it is an offering of affection from him who, in addition to the loss which he sustained as one of the wide public, suffered the deeper pang occasioned by the bereavement of a private friend. What a striking scene was presented in the delivery of this discourse! One great judge, whose fame has been returned to us from Europe, bears testimony before an immense audience to the character and services of another, whose name has just been entered on the record of the mighty dead, and mingles with his full testimony the swelling emotions excited by his own individual loss. If the Chief Justice could have been permitted to designate him who should take the lead in the services of commemoration, which in every part of this wide republic have followed his funeral, he surely would have named his tried friend, the partner of his labors and the companion of his later years, Mr. Justice Story. Happy was the lot of the deceased to enjoy so many years of usefulness, ripening as day succeeded to day with richer fruits — to receive so largely the respect, homage, and the veneration of a whole people — and finally to be summoned to his high account before age had touched him with its withering fingers, and while the sun of his glorious intellect was still undimmed. *Felix non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*

There is something peculiarly impressive in the funeral honors which have been bestowed upon the memory of Chief Justice Marshall, when we consider the unambitious and quiet character of his labors and the peaceful victories which he won. It speaks volumes in favor of the intelligence of our country, that the death of a judicial magistrate should excite such general sympathy and regret; and that the public should perceive so strongly the importance of those services, which have been

so noiselessly performed. The acts of the soldier and statesman have hitherto almost exclusively received this distinguished notice.

The present discourse was delivered in the Odeon at Boston, in the presence of the larger part of the bar of Massachusetts. It contains a full narrative of the principal events in the life of the late Chief Justice, with suitable references to the collateral history of the country. These and some of the reflections growing out of them, as the author has informed us in the advertisement, are taken from a biographical sketch written by him some years ago for the *North American Review*. "As these were derived from the most authentic sources," Mr. Justice Story says, "and as the reflections connected with them naturally grew out of the subject, I have not hesitated to adopt them wherever they were appropriate to the present purpose. It would have been mere affectation to have attempted to avoid the same train of narrative or remark." The narrative part occupies a little more than half of the discourse. The remainder is taken up by the analysis of character, and the exhibition of the deep form in which rested the Chief Justice's claims to public regard. Seldom have we seen a sketch of character which was presented with more minuteness or felicity, down even to the hair lines and gentlest shadings. We seem exactly to behold before us the venerable man, robed in his many virtues and endowments. We feel that sentiment approaching to awe, yet inspired with love, which filled the breasts of all who found themselves in his presence. We see his placid countenance, as he listens with that attention, which was so remarkable, to the often wearisome arguments of counsel; and we seem to hear the clear and passionless wisdom, which fell from his lips when delivering the judgment of the court. We are permitted to follow him to the private circle, and to enjoy the singular simplicity of manners, dress, and deportment, the unaffected modesty, and the deep sensibility and tenderness, which shed such a mild and radiant influence on all around him. "May I be permitted to say," says the eulogist, "that during a most intimate friendship of many, many years, I never upon any occasion was able to detect the slightest tincture of personal vanity. He had no desire for display, and no ambition for admiration." Glorious John Marshall! If ever man was made without the common alloy of mortality, it was thou. How immeasurably above all now left on earth was that pure and serene character, which drew all its motives and conduct from the heaven-born springs of duty, nor suffered the claims of self-interest or personal ambition — those hungry intruders into human affairs — even to influence the relations of life. This purity and freedom from the dust of the world, more than his high intellectual endowments, mark him conspicuously among his fellow-men; and also present the feature which is open to the imitation of all. The exquisite logic, the wonderful judgment, and nice perception of truth, which contributed to his intellectual character, can be studied and appreciated by a very few; but all will take delight in the many private virtues, which were inwoven, like rays of light, in his nature, and which will be an example to all future times.

The Partisan: a Tale of the Revolution. By the Author of "*The Yemassee*," "*Guy Rivers*," &c. in 2 vols. 12mo: Harper and Brothers, New-York.

And Liberty's vitality, like Truth,
Is still undying. As the sacred fire
Nature has shrined in caverns, still it burns,
Though the storm howls without.

WHAT shall we say of the *Partisan* — the latest work of a writer whom we have so long delighted to honor — whose brilliant promise we were among the earliest to hail — whose growing excellence we have noted joyfully, as the fulfilment of our former prophecies — whose future supremacy over all living novelists of America we fondly

hoped to witness — what shall we say of the *Partisan*? — The truth — the whole truth — nothing but the truth! — There is no author of whose abilities we deem more highly — there is no author on whose works we have looked with more heartfelt admiration — there is no author whose exertions we have more desired to see crowned with success — and now to those very abilities, to that very admiration, do we feel it due to say that we are disappointed — wofully disappointed! Mr. Simms has not done justice to his readers, has not done justice to himself! From the title-page to the word *finis*, there are in every page the marks of carelessness and haste; in the matter as in the manner, in the sentiments as in the style, in the interest as in the incidents. The plot — if indeed that can be called a plot which begins suddenly, proceeds without development, and closes abruptly, we had almost said without fulfilment — is crude and immature; the characters are mere lifeless images when compared with the burning, living, passionate creations of his former novels; the story lacks excitement; the actors, interest, identity, and spirit. In all the former works of this, when he chooses, powerful and thrilling writer, the strongest points have been the engrossing hold of the fiction on the senses of the reader, — the vivid, though sometimes erratic, personification of characters, — the beautiful poetic musings, — the lovely descriptions of natural scenery, — and last, but not least, the native vigor, though sometimes lacking polish, of his style. In all his former works there has been a regular progressive motion — an advance from that which was good to that which was still better — an improvement of language, of character, and of *vraisemblance* — a decrease of that which was faulty, wearisome, or weak! Martin Faber, though wanting the nice and delicate blendings which are requisite to form a perfect picture, was full of talent, wild perhaps, and wilful; but not on that account the less enchaining. Guy Rivers surpassed his elder brother, with the stride of an earth-born giant. There were touches of power in its shining pages, that have never, we speak advisedly, never been excelled by any native novelist. There was a group of actors standing out from their canvass in bold and statue-like relief; and if there were something unnatural and forced, if there were some sentiments improperly ascribed to characters not capable of entertaining such, if there were too much of metaphysical disquisition inconsistently put into the mouths of the low and vulgar, there was yet so much of masculine thought, masterly conception, and poetic dreaming, that we considered ourselves fully justified in speaking of it as an eminently successful first novel. The *Yemassee* came forth another length ahead of its precursor, and we triumphed in the accomplishment of our hopes and prophecies. It was in every respect superior to *Guy Rivers* — it was, perhaps, the novel of the season — it was, in truth, bating some faults of style, a noble romance! No man stood higher as a candidate for popular favor than its author — no present novel writer of America, in our opinion, stood so high. Cooper, whose talents were a little time ago the boast of his native land and the admiration of Europe, had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf! — Irving, who alone is unapproached, stood not, so widely different is the bent and nature of his surpassing genius in the path of Simms — His only immediate rivals, Kennedy and Bird, though both men and writers of unusual ability, had some leeway to work up ere they should run abreast with him, their eminent competitor! Had he continued to show an increase of talent proportionate to his former success, it would hardly have been possible for any one to have contended with him on grounds of equal rivalry. He has not done so — and now he must labor — he must put the shoulder of the spirit strongly and with full exertion to the wheel! — He can do it — he *must* do it! We know that the divine spark is in him, and we are determined to force it out, if not by the gentle attrition of praise, then by the iron mace of censure. It has been well said, that *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; but there was no second Homer to press forward on the track, and to struggle for the prize of the slumberer! Every day that we live, we see the more clearly the

truth of a position which we have long maintained, that censure — aye, even unjust and bitter censure — is less cruel, less injurious, to a youthful and rising author, than indiscriminate and undue praise! The sense that his talents are underrated, his powers misjudged, has nerved many a weak youngling to stern and resolute exertion — whereas the belief that his genius is supereminent, that he holds the voice of popular favor in the hollow of his hand, has caused many a strong and successful aspirant to sink into a slumber so lethargic, that the slow and cumbrous tortoise, whom he had left but now uncounted leagues behind, has reached the goal which, but for over-confidence, he must have won unchallenged! In the success of Simms, we are, in every possible way, interested — as admirers of his upward flight, we cannot endure to see his strong wing flag or falter — as having prophesied the height which he should some time reach, we will not suffer him to make security his bane. He must hear the truth one day or other — let him hear it now, while he can profit by it — he must labor, must study, must revise. He must not write one half so *much* in bulk, one half so *rapidly* in time, as he has done lately — he must adhere to the established standards of the English language and of the English Grammar. He must not coin new words when there are old ones just as applicable, if not more so, to his meaning — he must not use old words in new and false senses — he must not use transitive verbs for intransitive, and *vice versa* — he must not adopt provincialisms when writing in his own person, however he may think it advisable to do so when speaking through the mouths of his *dramatis personæ* — in short, he must make his style what it is not now — perspicuous, pure, and, above all, *correct* English! Many an author has descended to posterity through the merits of his style, despite the paucity or poverty of his ideas — but we know not one who can lay claims to immortality, despite inaccuracy, or vulgarity, or obscurity of manner, be his matter how forcible soever. We shall forbear to go into *minutiæ*, or to point out words; suffice it to say, that there are scores of errors, which could no more have escaped the notice of this really brilliant author, on a careful revision, than the sun at noonday could have escaped the eye of an eagle. With regard to the narrative, the great fault is, want of connexion and of progressive interest! — with regard to the characters, vulgarity! This has always been rather a failing of Mr. Simms, so far as the introduction of an undue proportion of low personages into his writings. In *Guy Rivers* this fault was very observable, and, moreover, was observed, no less than the unsuitable and unnatural tones of expression and thought ascribed to them. In the *Yemassee* this error, save in the single instance of Doctor Constantine Maximilian Nichols, who is an insufferably wearisome blot on that clever novel, was avoided. In the *Partisan*, we regret to say that the defect is more glaring than ever. It is indeed strange to conceive the reasons which can induce a writer capable of striking out such bold and high-souled portraits as those of Colleton and the outlaw in *Guy Rivers* — of Harrison, and Mary Granger, and Sanutee in the *Yemassee* — and of De Kalb, and Marion, and Singleton in the work before us — to descend to such disagreeable and disgusting — nay, we are fain to believe, such unnatural — portraiture as those of many persons, to whom many almost unreadable pages have been devoted in the *Partisan*. The *forte* of Simms is stormy passion; high and strongly-marked character in his men, and beautiful delicacy in his females. His humor is not felicitous — his *badinage* is not graceful — and, what is more, he does not require either the one or the other to set off his prominent and real beauties.

The subject which he has chosen in the *Partisan*, is, in many respects, the most happy he has yet attempted. The scene — the time — the struggle, are all popular, all picturesque, all engrossing! There is a bright and holy halo around the events of the Revolution, which can hardly fail to gild whatever touches them! The actors too were men of mould. Tarlton and Marion, Sumpter and Cornwallis, the very heroes of that romance, which is indeed their history. The truth of this is rendered evident, by the force with which these characters gleam out, when the author affords us a glimpse of them; and such being the case, it is not a little strange that an ar.

dent adorer of liberty, and a keen observer of all her sweet, and high, and poetical associations—for such must the man be, who conceived the character of Sanutee—should have omitted, save in the persons of his hero and the boy Frampton, to depict one ardent worshipper of freedom—nay, more, should have chosen to compound his corps of partisans of a glutton, a disgusting half-breed, a pedantic doctor, and a sanguinary maniac. But we willingly change the topic. Censure is painful to us—more so, perhaps, than to its subject; nor should we have now resorted to it, save for the benefit of him to whom it is applied. To turn to a more pleasant prospect—we will say that for Simms to write a book without many strong conceptions, without many fine and eloquent passages, without much genuine and sterling merit, were impossible. The sketch of the boyish partisan, young Frampton, alone is full of fire, of poetry, and of truth—sufficiently full, indeed, to redeem a book, of which it were the sole redeeming feature; this, however, can by no means be predicated of a novel containing such characters as those of Singleton, himself the hero, and Katharine, his patriotic mistress; though to our own imagination the sweet, melancholy, and religious Emily, wasting away by ghastly consumption, is a more delightful and more congenial personification. The finest passage in the work, and that which we should unquestionably extract as a specimen of the author's noblest vein, did our limits permit, is the scene wherein the boy Frampton is described as mingling for the first time in the strife of men—his fear, not of the foe, but of himself—not of that which he might suffer, but of that which he might fail to do—his panting, trembling anxiety, doubting the strength of his own heart and hand—his brilliant success, and its consequences on his young mind—the *certaminis gaudia* of the Hun—the fierce flush of triumph—the feelings of the gladiator, shown in the corded brow and blood-shot eye, and suppressed by the judicious schooling of the officer—all this is superb—incomparably true and graphic! Had the whole work been such as this, and other similar, though detached, passages, we should not have been constrained to pronounce the Partisan, as a whole, inferior to Mr. Simms' past efforts, and unworthy of his high repute. But *coragio!* One swallow does not make a summer, nor one trip a fatal fall! We are sure of our man—we know the energies of his mind, and we will, aye, and we *shall* force them to shine out the brighter from this passing cloud. To conclude, we will address him with the stirring exhortation of Ulysses to the son of Thetis, and then quit him, in the confidence that censure and exhortation together will bring him out the next time a better man than ever.

The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee!
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent!

Tales from Chaucer. By James C. Clarke. Published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

Holiness: or, the Legend of St. George. From Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* By a Mother. Boston: C. R. Broader's, 1835, 18mo.

Much attention seems to be waking up, immediately around us, to the old English Literature. One of our best writers* is engaged in leading the female portion

* Mr. Richard M. Dana.

of the society of one of our largest cities to the study of the early English poets. And another fine scholar* is engaged by its "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," in urging the claims of the English literature, distinctively regarded, upon a more mixed audience of both sexes.

These are cheering facts ; and we trust that the ultimate influence will be of a still more important character than the immediate ; that it is the stepping-stone, to the introduction of this same literature, to early education. We believe that the early literature of any nation has peculiar relations with the early stages of all minds. All children are what the ancestors of a nation are. There is an analogy between the life of a nation, considering it as an individual, and the life of each individual that composes the nation. The first history that should be given to children, is the history of those who first spoke their vernacular tongue. Even before this history is given to them, they should know what may be gathered of the first great men who have appeared in their language. For before the era of history, there are always authors who have put their individual souls into their productions. And it will be found on examination that the common proverbs, and figures of speech, that pervade language but half understood by many that constantly use them, are to be found in the earliest writers of the nation ; the study of whom, therefore, sheds meaning on the medium of common intercourse, and of all the knowledge to be gained through books of a later date.

Some peculiar difficulties have singularly co-operated, however, in leading Americans to neglect this most essential branch of education. One is, that the history of our country is not bound up with the history of the language which we speak ; — and another is, that the literature which is connected with the history of the language, is very much out of our reach — being in an obsolete dialect, which has prevented our booksellers from reprinting the great originals in this country. But these difficulties are not insurmountable. It is true that the American part of English history is for grown up men ; for our nation was born, as it were, full grown. But we can inquire what "child was father of that man," — the State of the United States ? And then if we want to preserve that better portion of the English spirit, which soared away from the British lion upon the wings of the American eagle, we must carry back our children into communion with that child ; who in this case lisped and laughed, and told merry tales in Chaucer ; and fancied, mused, and deeply thought in Spenser's fairy legends. Nothing is more easy than to establish this communion ; for this early English literature is composed of the favorite reading of the young, — story-telling in prose and verse. The only obstacle is the obsolete dialect ; and this can be easily translated. There can be no modern English of a higher character than a good translation from the old English. It is almost impossible that the translator, in making the few alterations he is obliged to make, should lose the racy spirit of the original, or the natural style of its creative genius.

We therefore hail with pleasure the "Tales from Chaucer." They are very beautifully executed. It is wonderful how well the spirit of the original is preserved in them. We are glad also that Mr. Clarke considers his work not so much as a substitute as an introduction to the original author. Chaucer ought also to be studied in his own pages, if for nothing else, for the sake of learning the history of English words. It is certainly true, however impossible it may be to account for the fact, that as we trace a word up to its original meaning, and to the first combinations in which it is found, we are conscious of realizing the life of the idea it conveys, in proportion. When we remember, for instance, that *kind* was the old English word for nature, what life it throws into all its derivations ; *kin*, *akin*, *kindred*, the substantive *kind*, the adjective *kind* ; and so of other instances.

* Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Clarke's selection from Chaucer is a very good one; still there might be another, and we are glad to hear that an additional volume is to be prepared in this country.

But we are still more glad to see Spenser brought before our juvenile public in the same way. Though he is comparatively free from absolutely obsolete words and phrases, yet there are enough of these, together with the old orthography, to make the *Fairie Queene* rather unintelligible to the young. Besides this, there are difficulties arising from the carelessness of Spenser's style, his free use of pronouns not sufficiently definite, and his complicated drama.

The little book before us tells the story of St. George very clearly; and at the same time retains all the finest expressions of the original, and every poetical embellishment. It is in the original, however, much the simplest story of all the Legends. We hope that the others will follow in due time, as the Preface intimates. We should like to see the episode of fair Florimel, in the third Legend, drawn out into a prose narrative like this. As Spenser, in his progress, introduces more and more episodes, he sometimes almost loses himself among his beautiful fancies. To illustrate some one principle, he raises his magic wand—and lofty and noble forms appear, and arrange themselves in chivalric armour before him; and every antagonist principle finds a form among the enemies of the Order of the Cross. But this is the poet's graver work. No sooner do these appear, than the music-tongued magician, in all the ardor of exulting genius, waves his wand in aimless wild delight, and from every point where the enchanted weapon strikes, start forth unbidden beautiful groups of spirits, that seem to hide, both from the poet and his reader, the main personages of his story. A prose narrator, by interposing a sentence here and there, by way of explication, may save much wearisome examination, which interferes with the purely poetic pleasure of reading his page, whether the reader is a child or adult. We think the original author would be recurred to with all the more pleasure by any one who reads the story in prose first.

But we must explain why we are still more glad to see Spenser drawn forth from the Halls of the Past, and presented to our juvenile public. It is mainly on account of the truth hidden in the allegoric meaning of his tales. It is not merely that there is a meaning hidden under these beautiful symbols, but on account of the character of that meaning. It is no ordinary moral philosophy which is to be found here; it is a moral philosophy founded on the deepest view of the soul.

Thus, in the Legend of St. George, holiness is not attained except through mighty conflict! With the grave and strengthening influences of an early country life, of a high cultivation of the more external gifts of nature; a laudable love of true glory; an adoption of truth into the heart, in defence of which every thing is to be sacrificed; the high-spirited youth sets forth on the career of life. His very blessings and gifts aid his temptations and betray him into dangers, many of which he surmounts without assistance other than his own resources. But, at last, the assistance of the social principle, which has so often betrayed him into danger, becomes necessary for his redemption, and the Ideal which he loses in his spiritual wanderings, is brought to him in generous, disinterested friendship, and delivers him from evil. He is like to lose himself next in despair of himself; but Christian discipline of mind and life, in humility, obedience, reverence, repentance, faith, hope, charity, and contemplation, brings him up to a condition of health and strength beyond that of his original youth. Then, and not till then, he is prepared for great duty, and does it. This is a philosophy not founded on speculation or poetic fancy, but on a deeper acquaintance with human nature.

Again; the Legend of Sir Guyon displays no less actual knowledge of the world around us, than does the first Legend, of the world within us. The genealogy, and kindred, and mutual dependencies of the passions, are drawn out and analysed, not as a metaphysician in the closet would have done it, but as only could have been

done by a man who had himself acted in the midst of men; who had encountered fierce extremes of human character; who had been tempted by his own generosity to attack fury, in order to deliver others from it, and thus had learned its nature and its parentage; who had felt, by suffering, the discriminated evils of headlong rashness, and of the more accomplished malice that grows up in the voluptuous abandonment of an utterly reckless mirth; by which even the temperate may, in their simplicity, be allured for a time from reason, if met in an idle hour. It was a man who had looked on life, that could dare to time the temptation of avarice, just after the period of levity in idleness; while the poet of the soul is again recognized, in invoking heavenly grace, to watch over the exhausted man, who had so long parleyed with the passions in their subterranean region.

But it is unjust to Spenser, to go on in this sketchy way to speak of the "pearls of price" he has buried in his "wilderness of sweets." As he goes on, the wilderness becomes more various and tropical in its luxuriant vegetation. The later Legends increase in the wildness and richness of the imaginative embellishments. But hints enough have been given to add the impulse of the duty of cultivating the highest within us, to all the other feelings which attract the young mind to the tales of Gloriana's Faerie Land.

Class Poem; Delivered in the Chapel of the Harvard University, July 14, at the Valedictory Exercises of the Class of 1835. By B. D. Winslow.

WE have read this poem with no common pleasure. In these prosaic days, when verse-making has almost usurped the place of true poetry, it is delightful to fall in with a piece like this, breathing the fresh inspiration which the genius of Song has poured into the heart of its author. We recognize in this short Poem the indications of a rare genius—of a soul touched to the finest issues. We find that flow of language—that delicacy of thought—that richness of imagery, which no art can attain, no labor bestow—which comes from the springs of Nature alone. Like most poems, prepared for speaking on public occasions, it is a mixture of serious and sportive thought; but like most of them, there is much in both which rises above the temporary topics of the passing occasion; and by the justness of the sentiments, stamps the author, at once, as a true poet. The fine moral spirit, which animates every line of it, is a striking feature. Mr. Winslow evidently understands the poetical elements of the English. The Saxon portion of our language is by far the richest, most picturesque, and every way most poetical. This element Mr. Winslow uses with freedom and force. In this way, he has formed a style which unites simplicity, freshness, and precision. In the grave and moralizing parts of the poem, there is sometimes a pointed and condensed turn of thought and expression, which shows a depth of reflection belonging to a riper age than the author's. Every one will be struck with the freedom of Mr. Winslow's style from the cant phrases and fashionable intensity of the day. We find in it nothing of the romantic, sentimental, satanic, or super-satanic school; no mimicry of Byron, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge; nothing but the genuine, simple expressions of a mind alive to the influence of nature, and a heart feelingly open to every sentiment of humanity. As Mr. W. advances in years, his power of thinking will strengthen—his style will be more compact—his pictures more severe. There are some trifling faults, which belong to the early manhood of genius, and which additional years, with grave studies, will correct.

Poems: By Mrs. Ellet. 1 vol. 12mo. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

If it were not for the fact, that we are prevented from expressing our opinions as freely and fully as we could wish of this elegant little volume,—by the circumstance

that the larger proportion of the poems contained in it first saw the day through the medium of one of the periodicals embodied in this Magazine, bearing the well known signature of E. F. E., — we should have set apart for it a longer space than that occupied by this brief notice. So to praise as we should be bounden — in all truth and impartiality — to praise these gems of feminine poesy, might subject us to a charge of what we most especially abhor — self-adulation ! For the rest our honest judgment of their merit is tacitly expressed by the pleasure with which we always have inserted the poetry of a lady, whom we are bold to number among our earliest correspondents, in the pages of the American Monthly.

Robinson Crusoe, with fifty cuts, by Harvey & Adams : Harper & Brothers, New-York.

WE have just received, from the press of these spirited publishers, this work, out, we believe, of the usual line of publication — a superb annual, for which it is, beautifully printed on good firm white paper, embellished with fifty admirable wood cuts, excellently well engraved by Adams from the designs of Harvey, and splendidly bound in morocco. Of the merits of De Foe's *chef d'œuvre* it would be ludicrous for us to express an opinion, the World and Time have rendered the praise of individuals worthless, by their long-awarded approbation ! — All we can venture to add, is simply this : That, never — we cannot make one exception — never do we remember to have enjoyed the perusal of any book — play, poem, or romance — with the same eager thrilling appetite which marked our first youthful acquaintance with “poor Robinson Crusoe.” There is a charm of truth about it — you read believing every word of the most wild adventure. — The boy leaves all his ruder sports for that engrossing pleasure which he has never known before, which probably he never will experience again — and all that the adult and sober man may do, is to confirm the judgment, while he must regret the half-vanished pleasure, of his childhood. One other sentence and we have done. This is, we believe, the first perfect and ungarbled edition of Robinson Crusoe that has ever been published in this country — hundreds, therefore, who fancy they have read De Foe's book, have read something as different from it as Colly Cibber's stage copy is different from Shakspeare's tragedy of Lear ; and this should be an inducement to the purchase of a work, which cannot be surpassed as a gift for the youthful, or as a relaxation for the aged, either in entertainment or perfect and unexceptionable morality.

Alnwick Castle ; with other Poems. N. York : Geo. Dearborn.

A NEW edition of Halleck's poems, and in a still more beautiful dress than the lately published writings of Drake, to which they form a most seasonable accompaniment. The selected works of the brother “Croakers” may now be had together ; and if bound up in one volume, the poems of Drake and Halleck would make one of the most exquisite gems in the literary way that genius and art have yet combined to produce in this country.

Our readers are so familiar with the contents of the thin octavo before us, that it would be impertinent here to dwell upon them. But as the poems of Mr. Halleck have long been out of print, we cannot but congratulate his admirers upon meeting them in a guise worthy of their excellence.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THE last month of the year 1835 will be long remembered for the most desolating fire that has ever taken place upon this continent—a conflagration which extended upon the whole site of the ancient city of New-York, as it existed a century ago, and annihilated at a blow twenty millions of capital of the modern metropolis. On the night of Wednesday, the 16th of December, about half past nine o'clock, the alarm of fire was sounded. The night was most severe and tempestuous, and the firemen, the engines, and hose were all ill-conditioned from duty on the night before. The fire broke out in Merchant-street, formerly Hanover-street, whence the smoke and flames were seen to issue from a five-story brick building in the vicinity of the Merchants' Exchange, and in a part of the city the most crowded with wholesale warehouses and stores, filled with the most costly productions of foreign and domestic manufacture. The flames soon shot forth through every aperture, and seized upon the two adjoining houses for their immediate prey. From these they extended in every direction, with rapidity and fierceness, until, from the Merchants' Exchange to Pearl-street, all was wrapt in a body of flames that rolled upward and onward with terrific and irresistible speed. From the corner of William-st., along William-st. to the river, from and along the river to the Coffee-House slip, and thence up Wall-st. to the place of beginning; including the whole south side of Wall-st. below William, excepting a few new stores—the Exchange—all the buildings in the rear—all Pearl—all Water—all Front—and all South-street, within the above limits, and constituting a portion of the city, where the largest and most active business was carrying on, were rapidly overwhelmed. As the flames spread, they successively passed to the west side of William-street, destroying all the stores and dwellings there—all those on Garden-street, including the Dutch church, except two or three on each side nearest Broad-street, and thence extending down along Coenties' slip to the river. But it was not alone amid stores and dwellings that the conflagration raged; the streets were filled with goods from the earliest warehouses that had caught, and many of those being of highly combustible materials, the streams

of flame coursed to and fro, and shot along the pavements with a fury that seemed demoniac. Nothing, in fact, but a resort to the most desperate measures would probably have arrested them, and for the adoption of these the city is mainly indebted to an individual, who, while eagerly publishing the name of every one that distinguished himself upon this most appalling occasion, seems studiously to have withheld his own. Mr. Charles King obtained permission from the Mayor to provide a supply of powder and blow up several buildings, in order to arrest the progress of the flames; and while his young friend, Lieut. Temple of the United States' army, volunteered to go to Governor's Island, he himself took boat, and succeeded, notwithstanding the bitter cold and tempestuousness of the night, in reaching the Navy Yard, and returned with Capt. Mix of the navy, Lieut. Nicholas, and several junior officers, with about 100 sailors and marines.

These officers, together with Gen. Joseph G. Swift and several citizens, accompanied by the Mayor, proceeded to execute their task of demolition, in a most masterly manner, with the greatest order and coolness, and in several instances with decisive effect. The marines, meantime, were stationed along all the principal streets, in which goods were stowed, and aided essentially in repressing the audacious robberies, which before were openly perpetrated. This blowing up of buildings seemed in a measure to arrest the progress of the flames; but their circle had become so extended, that it was almost impossible to meet them upon every side, and it was not till the next afternoon that the progress of destruction was fairly stayed. The number of buildings destroyed is estimated at about 600. The majority of them lofty brick warehouses, with granite basements, erected within a few years. Among them, however, were some antique structures of Dutch brick, which were hours in burning, while the modern erections seemed to crumble in a few minutes. Innumerable anecdotes of strenuous exertion and noble daring on the one hand, and of meanness and rapacity, alike cruel and monstrous, on the other, are told as connected with the exciting scene,—and, although the click of trowels is already heard among the half-cooled bricks, and the dust of mortar

is even now mingling with the smoke from the still smouldering ruins, — these *memorabilia* of The Great Fire will not lose their interest by being kept for our February number.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM. This Society was formed in New-York, in May 1831, by a Convention of the friends of education, invited by the New-York State Lyceum, and has held annual meetings in the City Hall. These meetings are devoted to the discussion of questions relating to popular instruction, the communication of intelligence concerning lyceums, schools, &c. — reports from officers and committees, correspondence with distant friends, and essays written by volunteers, or, as is usually the case, by distinguished friends of education, at the request of the Executive Committee.

The leading object of this Society, as stated by the Constitution, is the promotion of education, particularly in common schools; and they have already contributed to the diffusion of useful knowledge by the instruction and encouragement of teachers, by inciting to the formation of local societies, and by establishing correspondence between societies and individuals interested in their objects, both at home and abroad.

Local Lyceums, (as the term is applied in different States of the Union where they exist, particularly in New England,) embrace all associations for mutual intellectual improvement. Some of them extend to counties, others to states, and all are considered as entitled to some representation in the American Lyceum; while all other literary societies and individuals are welcomed at the annual meetings.

There have been three successive Presidents of this Society; the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Dr. John Griscom, and Wm. A. Duer, Esq., President of Columbia College; who stills holds that office, and has published, at the request of the Society, his valuable school book on Constitutional Law. We publish in our present number of the Monthly Magazine, a second Essay on the Fine Arts, presented at their fifth annual meeting, that of Mr. Frazer having appeared in the two last numbers of the American Monthly, and another, (viz. one from Wm. Dunlap Esq.) being intended for our next. The following is a list of the Essays which have heretofore been published by the Lyceum, in Annals of Education, and some of them, in separate pamphlets.

On the Orthography of the English Language, by Wm. R. Weeks, D. D., of Newark.

On Monitorial Schools, by Walter R. Johnson.

On the Study of our Constitution and Political Institutions in Common Schools, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, of Newark.

Primary Education in Spain, by J. A. Pizarro, of Baltimore.

School Discipline, by Prof. John Griscom, of Providence.

Early Education, by J. M. Keagy, of Philadelphia.

The use of the Bible in Common Education, by Wm. C. Woodbridge of Boston.

On Education, by George P. McCulloch, of Morristown, N. J.

On the Chippewa Language, by Edwin James, of Albany.

On the improvement of Common Instruction, by Dr. William R. Weeks, of Newark.

A sketch of Education in Mexico, by Senor Juan Rodriguez, member of the Mexican Congress, of Indian extraction.

On Geology, by Dr. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn.

On the Study of Physiology in Common Schools, by Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, of Boston.

On raising the Standard of Female Education, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn.

On Education in Mexico, its History, Condition, and Prospects, by the Hon. Lorenzo H. Zavala, Mexican Minister to France.

On the means for Promoting Civilization and Education among the Western Indians, by Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq. of Mackinaw.

On Literature and Education in Poland, by Augustus Yakoubusky, a young exile from Podolia.

On the higher branches of Education in Cuba, by Justo Velez, Rector of the principal College of Havana.

OBITUARY. The first number of our Monthly Commentaries has already been signalized as the chronicler of a great calamity; and now, just as it is about to pass from our hands, the painful duty is imposed upon us, of announcing a great public and private loss. The newness of the affliction, and our own limited space, will only allow us now to say — That Medical Science has to mourn over one of her most ardent and successful votaries — Literature, an accomplished scholar — the useful and elegant Arts, a discerning and liberal patron — Society, a finished gentleman, and New-York, an eminent and patriotic citizen — DAVID HOSACK, L. L. D., died December 22d. 1835, aged 66.

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FOR DECEMBER, 1835.

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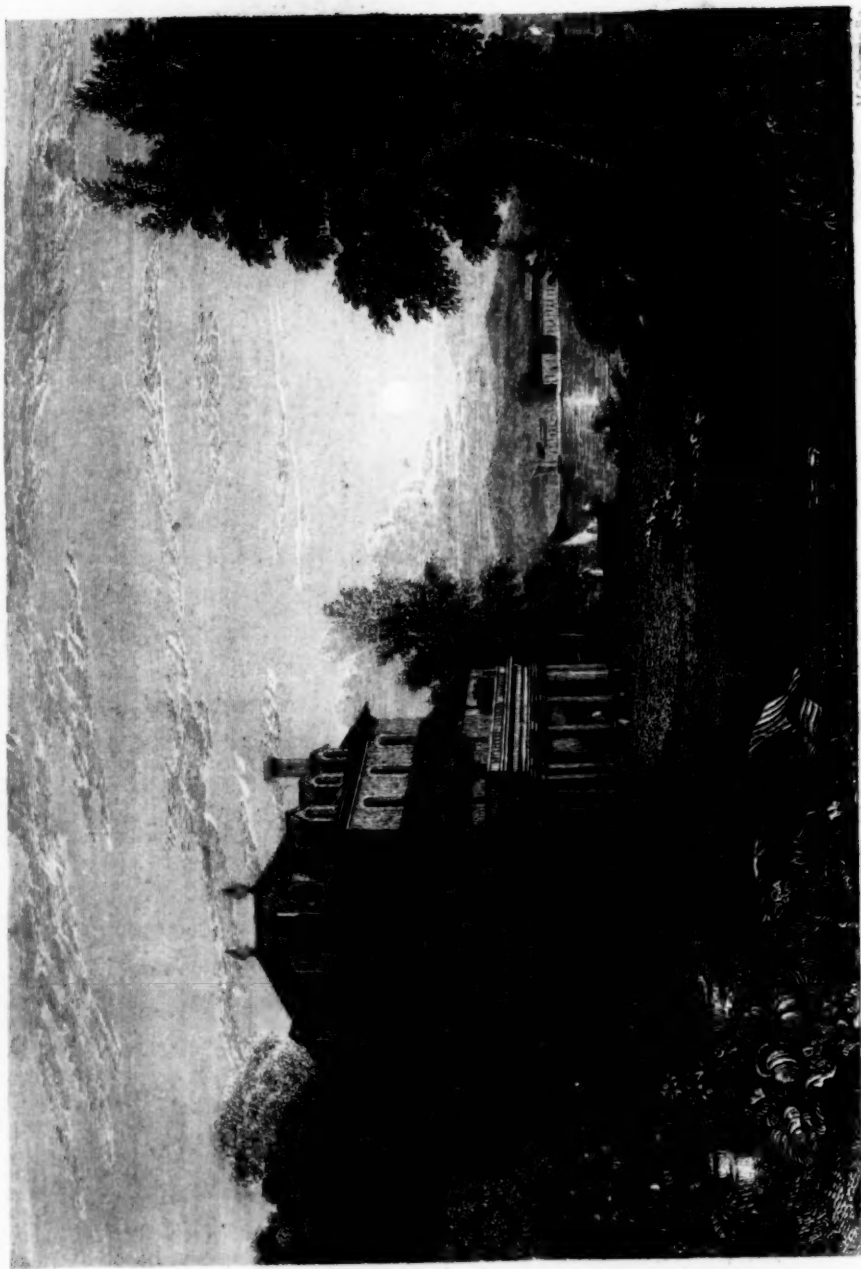
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